

BIRDS OF THE DEEP.

Something About the Albatross and Other Kings of the Air.

HOW THEY MANAGE TO LIVE AT SEA.

Interesting Facts About Gulls, Gooneys Mother Carey's Chickens and Other Birds of Less Note.

"You say there were many birds that live at sea. Tell me something about them—what do they live on when they do not fly? when they get tired of flying, how do they raise their young, etc.?"

"The most familiar are the gulls, which live exclusively in sight of land. These are very domestic unless hunted, and in seaport towns are turned to a very profitable use. They are nearly twice as large as a pigeon and have something of their appearance, being white above and black below. Their frequent bays where vessels lay up and consist principally on the refuse thrown overboard, being very poor fishermen. At low tide they hunt on the beach for shrimps, clams, mussels, etc. I have seen them take clams in their talons, fly up about 100 feet above the beach and drop the shell, so as to break it open, and dash down rapidly to secure it before some other rascal got it. When there were many droppings shells there are just as many more. They are good swimmers, and when they catch a fish, they grab onto the prize so tight that it presents quite an interesting sight to watch the squabbling of the dories and busy ones, and there is really a look of merriment on one of them when he succeeds in swiping the other's clams, as though he wanted to give him the horse laugh for doing the work and losing the pay. We frequently see the two pieces of meat together by a strong string, and when they have a hove to overboard to watch the sport. The gulls are struck water several gulls would be ready to grab it and fly off from the others, but one would get one piece and one the other, and start in opposite directions, but the string would fetch them up with a round turn and make them drop it for two more to grab and go through a similar performance. The excitement would run high among them until their chattering and screeching would be deafening. Perhaps one would get his piece swallowed and make off with the other piece dangling in air, and then the chase would get amusing, with a dozen others clamoring for the second piece and a tug-of-war followed each time the second piece was caught. It always ended in breaking the string or taking great bites out of it."

"While at work off the coast of Mexico we caught a great many fish and sharks and the gulls got their full share of heads and cleanings. They became so tame, as to fly down and take pieces of fish from one's hand. One day a young shark about a foot and a half long was thrown overboard and a gull about one foot long leapt to devour it. Like other birds, they swallow their food whole, and as size would not accommodate the size of the shark so that about eight inches of the wriggling shark was unaccommodated. Several other gulls wanted to assist him in his job, but he could not turn loose what he already had nor take any better grip on the remaining part still outside. At everygulp of the gull the shark entered protest by squirming at a fearsome rate, and at every attack of the shark the gull would let go. In fact there was a vigorous protest on the part of the party of the first part. We never saw the end of it. I mean of the squeal. They flew away to escape the spectators."

"But how are they profitable?"

"Well, they have regular hatching grounds, where they all go to lay their eggs. The Grasshoppers Didn't Find the Bill.

From the Detroit Free Press.

The farmer with hemp whiskers was talking to the drummer on an accommodation trail which was banging along over an Ohio roadside.

"How long ago?" inquired the drummer.

"Ten years or so."

"How did you like it?"

"Not much."

"What was the matter?"

"Cyclones and grasshoppers and things."

"I think if you had cyclones and grasshoppers together they would offset each other."

"You mean I reckon that the cyclones would blow the grasshoppers away?"

"Yes," and the drummer smiled.

"Well, they did some. You see, when I first got there it was always raining cyclones till the hounds then I wanted a vacation I never had much luck nowhere and I was pretty sure I wouldn't get it, but by hoking it come, and it come a-tearin' this."

"Did it blow the hoppers away?"

"Yes, but it blew the farm along with them and landed me and the hoppers and the farm all over in the next county. It shook the hoppers all the green grass, and I was havin' fair luck, when I found out that the taxes hadn't been paid in that county for ten years, and when they came around to me for back taxes I began to think it was kind of rubbin' it in, so I said, 'I am Dern Kansas' and I came straight back to Ohio."

He Didn't Make a Mash.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A sable pair has never seen a more stunning couple than are presented here.

They fly in single file, and when the leader flaps his wings they all flap; when he dives head foremost into the sea, and just as he strikes the water opens his mouth wide, which stretches the large sack that hangs flabbily under the lower beak to its fullest extent, which acts as a sieve. This same bird has an average place for his nest, until he finds a rock, where he goes ashore on the rocks to dry and "enjoy the fruits of his labor." In water where there are sharks they come up immediately after diving and take flight—I suppose to keep from being caught, though I never heard of a shark eating a bird, but I have seen a good many one-legged pelicans supposed to have had their legs bitten off while fishing.

"There are many other shore birds, such as swans, herons storks and others too common to mention, though some of them are very interesting to study."

"Another deep secret I will get out to sea we meet a different class—birds that never visit the land only to breed. There is the commonest of all. It has a dark brown color, and is about the size of a large gobbler. Their wings are narrow but very long, and they can fly long distances without a least motion of the wings. They will follow a ship across the ocean almost to sight of land, and when the last of the surest indications of approaching land is the loss of the gooneys and the appearance of the gulls. Another sure sign of land is the change of color of the water from blue to dark green."

"Another deep secret on the sailors hate is the stormy petrel commonly known as 'Mother Carey's chicken.'"

"These birds look like snipes, being about the same size and color. When the sea is calm these little fellows are very quiet and seem really drowsy, but when there is a gale they are lively enough. They will circle around a ship laboring in a heavy sea wave, uttering the most hideous screams and cries, while they dart through the rigging as if to tantalize the sailors with the danger of the storm. At night when the wind is howling through the cordage and the ship is heaving heavily, it

makes one's blood run cold to hear these little torments taunting you with deathly yell."

"There is another small bird very much like the porpoise, that is as peaceful as they are turbulent. These are known as whale birds, from the fact that they submerge entirely on the little crustaceans they pluck from the body of the whale when it rises to the surface, and they do not frequent waters where there are no whales."

"The grandest of sea birds, the king of the all is the albatross. This grows to a length of four feet six inches and weighs from twenty to thirty pounds. It is an inhabitant of the southern seas, never, or rarely, getting north of the equator, the only ones north being of the coast of Siberia. The color is pure white and sometimes streaked with black and brown on the back. It, like the gooney, has long wings and a capacity of flying for days and nights without resting once. It will follow a ship as long as it stays in the latitude it frequents to pick up the refuse of the ship. Among the natives of the South American coasts it is considered very fine eating and they use the long bones of the wings for pipe stems and cigarette holders, and for both. They frequent bays where vessels lay up and subsist principally on the refuse thrown overboard, being very poor fishermen. At low tide they hunt on the beach for shrimps, clams, mussels, etc. I have seen them take clams in their talons, fly up about 100 feet above the beach and drop the shell, so as to break it open, and dash down rapidly to secure it before some other rascal got it. When there were many droppings shells there are just as many more. They are good swimmers, and when they catch a fish, they grab onto the prize so tight that it presents quite an interesting sight to watch the squabbling of the dories and busy ones, and there is really a look of merriment on one of them when he succeeds in swiping the other's clams, as though he wanted to give him the horse laugh for doing the work and losing the pay. We frequently see the two pieces of meat together by a strong string, and when they have a hove to overboard to watch the sport. The gulls are struck water several gulls would be ready to grab it and fly off from the others, but one would get one piece and one the other, and start in opposite directions, but the string would fetch them up with a round turn and make them drop it for two more to grab and go through a similar performance. The excitement would run high among them until their chattering and screeching would be deafening. Perhaps one would get his piece swallowed and make off with the other piece dangling in air, and then the chase would get amusing, with a dozen others clamoring for the second piece and a tug-of-war followed each time the second piece was caught. It always ended in breaking the string or taking great bites out of it."

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get well again.

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Apropos of Trilby, and, of course, nowa-

days everything is apropos of Trilby, there

is a little story behind the title page

of the October Harper's. In this

apology Harper's expresses deep contrition

that it has ever been guilty of publishing

in its columns anything that might have off-

ended the exquisite sensibility of so great a man as Mr. J. McNeill Whistler,

artist, as agreeing to have the chapter in

"Trilby," in which he appears, rewritten

and the illustrations so changed, that he

shall be unrecognizable. Not only did he

make other writers gain it, he set fire

to the great temple of Diana of the Ephesians,

preferring that his name should be

burned down in ignominy rather than per-

ish from the mind of man. He does not

know that he was not gratified, for it was ordered that his

name be blotted from the archives, and as

that day, no daily newspapers in that

city ever gave it up.

The other thing to do is to take down

Thackery's ballads, and turn to the "Ballad

of the Bouillabaisse," but don't do this

until you have read "Trilby" quite through;

until you have heard Gesso's story,

until you have left Taffy and his wife home.

Then read the whole whence came the

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shall be unrecognizable. Not only did he

make other writers gain it, he set fire

to the great temple of Diana of the Ephesians,

preferring that his name should be

burned down in ignominy rather than per-

ish from the mind of man. He does not

know that he was not gratified, for it was ordered that his

name be blotted from the archives, and as

that day, no daily newspapers in that

city ever gave it up.

The other thing to do is to take down

Thackery's ballads, and turn to the "Ballad

of the Bouillabaisse," but don't do this

until you have read "Trilby" quite through;

until you have heard Gesso's story,

until you have left Taffy and his wife home.

Then read the whole whence came the

inspiration for the story—the inspiration of days that are gone.

Books and Authors.

Apropos of Trilby, and, of course, nowa-

days everything is apropos of Trilby, there

is a little story behind the title page

of the October Harper's. In this

apology Harper's expresses deep contrition

that it has ever been guilty of publishing

in its columns anything that might have off-

ended the exquisite sensibility of so great a man as Mr. J. McNeill Whistler,

artist, as agreeing to have the chapter in

"Trilby," in which he appears, rewritten

and the illustrations so changed, that he

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SOCIETY

TYPES OF SOUTHERN BEAUTY.



IDLE THOUGHTS
OF A BUSY WOMAN.

Heigh ho! for a bit of scandal!
The gay season can't begin without it, and this time it is an unusually interesting and amusing morsel. The woman is pretty, of course. I never knew but one ugly woman to get herself badly talked about. She's young, too, with a nice tender touch of innocence to the tale that would be quite appealing save for the fact that she has been married some time.

The story runs that her husband, madly jealous on account of the attentions she recently received at a summer resort hotel, is now suing for a divorce.

These attentions, or at least the particular set of attentions that have irritated him, were bestowed upon her by a young society man whom no one would suspect of being real wicked—a mild-mannered cavalier; a dilettante d'ameur; a maker of sweet jests and saucy phrases.

The story goes that the irate husband being overcome with choleric emotions was oft wont to lock the lady in her boudoir when this gentleman came to the party. And so it was that she stayed over for a social evening, and the lover was left to brood amorously posture beneath the stars. Alack-a-day for love's undoing, and heigh ho for divorces and pistols for two. Indeed the thing all seems such a jest that I cannot refrain from making it one.

That the husband was jealous of this particular trifler, I have heard from good authority, but I really think that's all there is to the story.

With every day the new fashions come floating southward in clouds of ribbon and lace and chiffon and flowers. The millinery openings this week filled those places with interested and delighted shoppers, for the first thin white cloths of each changing season is a new bonnet. She may do well enough for a few October weeks with the dark heavier clothes out of her summer wardrobe, but she cannot manage to content herself with the faded flowers and dusty ribbon of her summer chapeau, so down she goes to the milliner shop, feeling that the life itself and her acquireances depends upon this necessary purchase.

She finds there wonderful things, too, and if she is not slim and pretty with a flower like kind of face, she will be rather appalled at the dazzling array of spread-out trimmed hats and bonnets she sees before her. Emphatically the extreme style in hats is the bonnet. The bonnet-woman, who if they would look well must modify the big bows and aigrettes and bonbons and rosettes of lace to suit their unclassical faces. But for slender, rosy-cheeked youth the hats are just right and fashion like everything else, considers the needs of the bonnet daughters above that of the flower girls.

The big hats are beautiful and are shown in all sorts of new materials. The plaited straws of satin on felt are used a great deal for entire brims or for the edges of big hats toques and bonnets. One large black hat of this same imitation of rough straw has the edge of the quiet black chiffon, while the back has two high aigrettes of tiny ostrich feathers. Cerise is the newest pink shade among the many pinks shown this season. This in old times would have been called rose color.

Like all the other pinks and reds, it is used to brighten up dark colors, and is especially charming with black, brown and emerald green. One rather large black hat in bolero-shape has a full, shirred crown of cerise velvet and the same shade shirred lines two-thirds of the under brim. A charming and becoming pink is to put near the face.

The blue in many ways obtains in millinery as in dresses and it is combined with any other color one pleases—green, brown, black and white. Blust blue roses, though botanically impossible, bloom profusely this season on beauty's chapeau.

An odd feature is the little drooping finish of lace at the back of the bonnet, which adorns to fall over the impending chignon that will soon engulf all femininity into the depths of a consuming and large-headed ugliness, the worst of all the 1890 revival that has yet come upon us.

The pretty hats will alone make them bearable. The combining of black and white ribbons with the various lace is noticeable millinery feature and some very smart walking and visiting hats are trimmed in this way. The big hat with its flaring bows at the back or front will be the very best thing yet ever worn by women at the present time. It does not lead to a small revolt and a consequent banishment of head coverings on such occasions why nothing will.

Besides the toque and the stiff hat that goes with the tailor gown, there is another small walking hat which is pretty, but rather simple. It is of some unique shape and is trimmed high on either side of the back with bows or aigrettes. A number of them come in different colored felts, with black satin ridges, an odd and stylish material.

The newest and most prettily made gowns are ready now for the bright days from some of the great houses on the other side. Two of these and, I believe, the loveliest, were from Paquin, the man milliner, who now, it is said, stands ahead of all the others in Paris. One of these was an evening toilet, the skirt wide of heavy colored velvet, caught on one side with a knot of yellow silk. The bodice was of black chiffon over white satin, the sleeves were to the elbow and enormous, the neck cut round and the chiffon caught at the back with violet.

The unique and beautiful walking suit by the same artist is of dark brown face cloth.

The skirt is perfectly plain, save for a quaint 1880 effect up the front of narrow velvet stripes, the other side with wide black frills. The belt has a fold of the magnificent velvet and the waist has an odd combination in trimming of white satin, bluet velvet and jet.

A lovely toilet from Doucet is of fine tan crinkled crepe cloth. The skirt is made plaid over tan silk and the waist is formed of fluted chiffon, alternating with tan lace insertion and made over pinkish blue silk.

The simple sleeves are of the tan crepe cloth and the throat of the bodice falls to the waist in soft feminine frills, a lot of pleated chiffon. The odd feature in Doucet's dresses is the way in which the skirts are gathered to a double V-shaped yoke. This is cut on so as to show the full tail of a waist and give a more smart and elegant appearance to her skirts.

The most magnificent dress in this lot was a silk purchased in Brussels. It was a gorgeous black moire antique that could have literally stood alone had it been required. The fabric was ribbed and the moire figures were odd and rich. The

gauzy webs now fashionable does not begin as one would naturally think, with a simple silk lining. It is a complicated and awe-inspiring affair, and often calls for considerable thinking, no matter how accomplished the builder.

First the small silk lining in some soft shiny silk; this is covered by a huge one, puffed, folded and plaited in heavier silk or satin, which, in turn, is interlined with stiff tarlatan or crinoline, and perhaps

leaves over the bust and falls low on the skirt. The sleeves of satin are balloon-like, and the wearer must needs have considerable style of her own—that "immensely effective something undefinable"—to carry off this toilet as a whole.

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True, the secret of dress is more than half in the selection.

ETIQUETTE OF INTRODUCTION.

Regulations which govern the presentation of men and women to each other as members of society are based on common sense and necessity, although every one tends to a slight eccentricity.

A housewife would have time for nothing else and would be constantly absent from her post to greet new comers if she insisted upon introducing all of her guests to each other.

The trouble with us in larger cities is that this branch of etiquette is founded on English manners, and we stand instead of following up its real meaning, which is, that under the roof all are friends. If this were observed, these guests would talk generally, and things move more gracefully.

But surely a woman could introduce her friend, forming the white knots and many stars, and uniting them by delicate "points de Venise," a kind of embroidery.

Princesses and queens became the patrons of the young worker in mermaid's lace, and at last the fine, patternless guipure, which



MISS EDDIE BOYNTON, of Knoxville, Tenn.

skirt was very full and plain and sleeves were cut square and with big full sleeves, was trimmed elegantly, but simply, with net embroidered with cut jet.

A revival of olden days is to be found in the odd little folding fans now being carried by all sorts of ladies. These are in all shades of satin and silk and are invariably spangled in satin or gold. The noticeable dress feature of the season is the fact that the skirts, so far as material and exact color is concerned, are entirely different from the bodice, and changed in trimming that one does not recognize any near relationship between the two garments. But there is a relationship when the style is in the hands of a real artist and no doubt this is the reason why the fashion is created by such people, as these bring out to a high degree the ability to adapt themselves to the person who makes them. To attempt such combinations when one is one's own dressmaker or is able to employ only an ordinary craftswoman, would be the height of folly. The best plan under such circumstances is to stick to the sure and pretty style of a black satin or moire skirt with a velvet chou or a wide lace border.

That the mouseline de sole was a drooping mutton leg, which stretched in flat folds across the shoulder as if it were part of the body's drapery. A monstrous mouseline de sole falls in graceful, drifting folds, or is perhaps a loosely capitated with hidden tuckings to look for all the world like a furniture covering!

A pair of late wonderful models on this last order were respectively in opaque mouseline de sole and watermelon pink chiffon, which are made on black silk.

The shape of the pink and black was almost Queen Mary's huge upper arm puff over again, with the slight addition of a single horizontal line in flashing jet that held it tightly to the lining.

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A pretty young agent from a well-known Baltimore modiste is showing her patrons here some beautiful designs for evening, dinner and street costumes. In the evening gowns chiffon, that which there is nothing prettier or more becoming, figures extensively, and for the latter, told me, shows some magnificent morose and satins. In speaking of dress trimmings, this pretty agent said: "Let no home modiste deceive you into the idea that skirts are to be trimmed much this season. It is not so, whatever the fashion papers and dress magazines say. Skirts are not trimmed in Paris, and won't be throughout the season. Of course it is stylish to apply jet or bands of satin or velvet in some simple way, but there are no ruffles and furbelows even on the airiest of evening skirts."

This positive fact must relieve the mind of every woman with a true eye for beauty, since nothing lends more stately dignity and grace to the figure than do the full flowing lines of simple drapery.

The entertainment in which the women managers are at present most interested is the bazaar, which some of the members of the club, with the assistance of their committees, propose to hold on the 10th of December. The plans made for the affair are extensive and lovely. Every department is to have at its head a capable and artistic woman, assisted by an able committee. The entertainment is to be, so far as the committee work is concerned, chiefly in the hands of the young ladies who are trustees of the woman's department of the exposition.

They have already begun a lot of beautiful work in linen and silk for the bazaar, and besides the booths for linen embroidery, fancy pillows and cushion, tissue paper, children's fine hand-made garments, flowers and decorative art, there will be a dog booth and a toy booth, both together, and the rest of all the wonderful things that Santa Claus brings, or the spirit of December will be a good time to purchase them. Then there will be a restaurant, with practical and delicious proofs of the excellent talent for cooking possessed by many of the dainty-fingered daughters of society. And a Japanese room, where tea will be served by pretty maidens in Japanese costumes, will be another of the many charming features that will make the bazaar what it promises to be—the loveliest ever seen.

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A wedding now creating a great deal of interest in southern society is that of Miss Eliza Talbot and Mrs. Chopin, of Macon, who will take place on the 10th of November. Both are people very well known throughout the south and they have in Atlanta any number of friends to wish them bon voyage on the sea of matrimony. They will be very happy in their new home, for they are congenial in their tastes and sincerely fond of each other. Mrs. Chopin is known to be a remarkably brilliant and enterprising woman, and with her husband she is known also to be sincere and lovable. Her wit, while ever sparkling and inspiring, is not of that cruel kind that leaves a bitter taste in the memory. She is a delicate, refined woman, being one of the who have done great deal of intelligent reading, and all these resources make her one, not only to win affection, but to be capable of retaining it.

Mr. Talbot is not a native Georgian, having come to Macon some years ago, but he is thoroughly identified with the social life of that city. He is extremely handsome and is a charming man in every way.

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COMPARE
WORKMANSHIP
AND STYLE.

EXPOSITION

ODS
BROS.
OPENS.

New Goods of
and Style.

ns, Flannels,
RWEAR,

JURE
Curtains, Etc.,
WONDER

LEADS IN
OODS

new fabrics, New Weaves,
er house in this city can
our line of Ladies' Cloths

es!
esirable weaves, match-
and in great abundance

shades for trimmings,

tting Jackets, in all col-
ade,

of the latest styles from
n America.

sh and Cloth Capes of all
trrimmed after the style of
fur and other new trim-

west materials received

s. Suits with 3-4 length
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e and finish yet shown.
n those shown last season

ness and fast
lar Hosiery, 50
ur 50c quality.

85c
25c
50c

ly 10c per yard
colors, former

50c per yard

SALE

CARPETS

storing capacity is packed
the reach of competition.
the great bargains pur-
d at the lowest prices.

Carpets. Consider goods
d you will find the best

elsewhere, we will cut
oods and Curtains until
the reach of competition.
the great bargains pur-
d at the lowest prices.

Carpets. Consider goods
d you will find the best

Prices Now.

BROS.
Street.

THE STAR LAUGHER.

Mr. Berryman Disconcerted the "Spider
and the Fly" People by His Smile.

IT WAS MUCH TOO FUNNY FOR HIM.

The Pretty Song-and-Dance Artist Got
Mad and Gait, but the Good-Natured
Laugher Kept It Up.

A laugh, strange, unique and peculiar was
the star feature of the matinee production of
the "Spider and Fly" company at the
Grand yesterday afternoon.

There were many other laughs in the
ater, but they were minor and subsidiary
affairs to the great predominating gurgle
of mirth which disconcerted players and
perplexed spectators. Even the hardened
funny man was thrown out; and the pretty
song and dance sprite absolutely refused
to go on with her song—refused indignantly,
and walked the champion laughing to stop
and made her own.

But the young lady didn't know a good
thing. The audience showed its appreciation
of the star laughter of the country by
giving him an ovation that must have
warmed his heart. The dancing fairy sim-
ply pouted.

The manager was bolling over with rage.
He rushed hither and thither for a police-
man, shouting for revenge. Meanwhile
laughing, ribaldry, and general fun that
had had to be amused by the theatrical
people laughed uproariously at a young
man who occupied a conspicuous seat in
the front row and laughed and laughed and
laughed until the roof cracked and the
auditorium gave way.

It was in the second set. The play was
going finely. There had been some clever
songs and some dazzling appearances of
whole companies of beauties. The players
seemed perfectly composed, and they were
for they did not know it. Mr. Berryman,
of Louisville, La., was a star. Mr. Berry-
man's fame as a laugher is not
confined to any small and limited section
of this country—it is national.

The funny man did something real funny,
and the audience tittered and slyly, effe-
rately. Then Mr. Berryman came on.
It was a strong, robust laugh full of solid
feeling and mirth—a laugh that was a
laugh. The comedian cut short his lines
and got out of the way.

Then a young woman without skirts came
on to the stage, tripping slyly in the midst
of the clowns and right in the midst
of Mr. Berryman became amused and
laughed. The young woman sang bravely
on despite the uproar. But it became pos-
itively outrageous and she stopped off short.

"I'm with you, old boy," she sang in a
tiny fashion, and the audience roared.

The manager, the famous author, came on.
He made Berryman laugh more and more.
In sheer desperation Brown rushed off to
throw himself in the sea. It was impossible
for him to keep up his lines. He fell
upside down right in the midst of Berry-
man's laugh, and began writing furiously
in his diary.

"What are you doing?" inquired Oceania
between ripples of mirth. Oceania is the
star, and is the principal attraction in her
category of scenes and atmosphere.

"Writing a new laugh for that man!"
shouted Brown. Then the audience howled.

Loud above the clamor rose Berryman's
jolly voice, pitched to a new key, as if he
had already caught the author's idea and
had written it down, and belied with laughter

and the scene was as lively as scenes ever

get to be in a theater.

About this time fair Razzle Dazzle came
on with her piping song. She had with her
the two principals of the company, a
tanical song. Razzle Dazzle sang two lines of
song in tip-top style when Berryman's laugh
drewn every other sound. She stopped and turned pale. Her face was the very
picture of rage and trembling, she said:

"You can't get them off there, I'll
finish this song, and not before."

She was very mad, but immovable and un-
moved. Berryman laughed all the louder
and all the merrier. The orchestra groaned
through the rest of the verse, and it
came Brown's turn to sing. Brown is not
only a fine comedian, but he is irrepressible.

"You can't kill me," he shouted. "Here
goes!" and he sang his verse. At least it
is supposed that he sang it. Mr. Berryman
was laughing all the while, and the audi-
ence was in an uproar. But it was no
harm to the comedian, he sang on
like a hero.

In the meantime the manager was in a
dead heat of rage. He was dancing about
the front looking for a policeman. At last
he found one who was deaf silence
in the region of Mr. Berryman's seat. That
silence continued all through the presenta-
tion of living pictures, but was rapidly
broken near the close of the last act by a
fresh outbreak from the laughing Ken-
tuckian.

For the information of those Atlantians
who do not know Mr. Berryman, it may be
stated that he is from Louisville, Ky.; that
he is a splendid fellow and belongs to an
excellent family of that state. He is a
traveling man and is well and really
known in every town. When he makes
a hit with his laugh, it can be
heard five squares away and is full of
genius, jollity and good will. There is
nothing in the world so thoroughly expres-
sive of satisfaction with the world and
happiness with life as Mr. Berryman's laugh.

Don Razzle Dazzle or Cuckoo Brown
never will sing again!

Mrs. Smythe—There is one thing about
the outlook I don't like. Mrs. Jenkins—
What is it? Mrs. Smythe—The United
States senate may be stabilized before we
become eligible to membership—Brooklyn
Life.

Landsman—When two boats are in
danger of collision which one steers off
and gets out of the way? Mrs. Smythe—
Yachting. The one that's last painted—
Good News.

Hicks—Do you believe in ghosts?

Wicks—Don't know. My I shouldn't; never
knew one to tell a lie—Boston Transcript.

NOT

ts elsewhere, we will cut
oods and Curtains until
the reach of competition.
the great bargains pur-
d at the lowest prices.

Carpets. Consider goods
d you will find the best

Prices Now.

BROS.
Street.

THE CONSTITUTION: ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1894.

THE PLACE, 77 WHITEHALL ST.

CUTTING AND SLASHING OF PRICES

THE PLACE, 77 WHITEHALL ST.

CONTINUES AT THE LADIES' BAZAAR'S OLD STAND, 77 WHITEHALL STREET.

All Winter Goods now unpacked and ready for your inspection. Woolen Underwear, Hosiery, Dress Goods and Blankets enough to supply the entire City. Read carefully the FIGURES below, observe the FACTS and you cannot help but come to 77 Whitehall Street to supply your wants.

Prices Compared With Other Stores.

READ!

	Bazaar Store Prices.	Other Stores' Prices.
Billing Embroidery Silks, all shades	25c doz.	40c doz.
Billing's Spool Silks, all shades	6c	10c
Billing's Knitting Silks	23c	35c
Billing's Embroidery Twist	7c doz.	12c doz.
Gilbert's Best Selicias and Pencalines	15c	25c
Gilbert's Crescent Selicias and Pencalines	10c	15c
Best Kid Cambries	3/4c	5c
Best Linen Canvas	15c	25c
Velveteen Bindings, all colors	.8 & 10c	10 & 15c
Best 9-inch Bunch Bones	8c	13c
Trefusse Kid Gloves	1.25	2.00
Perrin's Kid Gloves	.95c	1.75
Peachtree Kid Gloves	.75c	1.25
No. 530 P. D. Corsets	1.25	1.75
No. 329 P. D. Corsets	1.75	2.50
No. 97 P. D. Corsets	2.50	3.25
No. 29 P. D. Corsets	2.50	3.25
No. 104 P. D. Corsets	2.50	3.50
No. 574 P. D. Corsets	3.50	5.50
Cosmo and Venus C. P. Corsets	2.50	3.50

Other Corsets Reduced in Same Proportions.

	Bazaar Store Prices.	Other Stores' Prices.
Onyx Fast Black Hose	23c	35c
Onyx Fast Black Hose	.35c	.50c
Fruit of the Loom Muslin	.7c	.9c
Lonsdale Cambries	.9c	1.2 1-2c
10-4 Pepperell Sheetings	18c	23c
46-inch Pepperell Pillow Casings	10c	15c

Dress Goods=All New Styles.

42 pieces Wool Goods, pretty patterns, worth 75c for 25c.
20 pieces 40-inch all wool Suitings, worth 80c, for 30c.
18 pieces Novelty Imported Goods, worth \$1.00, for 40c.
5 pieces 54-inch Covert Cloths, worth \$1.25, for 60c.
A grand line of Imported Suitings, worth \$2.00, for 80c.
All \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00 Novelty Suits go fast at \$5.00.
All \$2.50, \$3.00 and \$3.50 Novelty Suits on sale at \$7.50.
One lot Eiderdowns, worth from 65c to \$1.00, for 30c.

Specials—

82 Suits with Linings, Findings and Trimmings, for \$3.69.

REMEMBER if we can't save you 40 per cent or
more of your money we don't want your
patronage.

DON'T FORGET the number, 77 Whitehall St.,
the Ladies' Bazaar's Old Stand.

Millinery 50c on the Dollar.

Ostrich Plumes worth 50c for 25c.	\$1.00 Jet Ornaments for 50c.
Ostrich Plumes worth 75c for 30c.	\$2.50 Jet Pins for 10c.
Ostrich Plumes worth \$1.00 for 50c.	\$2.50 Baby Caps for \$1.25.
Ostrich Plumes worth \$1.50 for 75c.	\$1.50 Baby Caps for 75c.
\$1.00	
Ostrich Plumes worth \$3.50 for \$1.50.	
\$1.00	
\$1.00 Millinery Ribbons for 50c.	
75c Millinery Ribbons for 30c.	
50c Millinery Ribbons for 25c.	
25c Millinery Ribbons for 15c.	
15c Millinery Ribbons for 10c.	

1,000

Felt Hats, worth from \$1.50 to
\$4.00, special at

25c each

Unheard of Prices in Notions.

Pins 3 and 5c, Fairy Lamps 5c, Hose Supporters 9 and 15c, Safety Pins 5c, Brass Rings 1 and 3c dozen, Hair Pins 5c, Dorcas Cotton 5c dozen, Linen 12 dozen, Skein Belts 10 and 25c, Marshall's Linen 5c spool, Handkerchief Holders worth \$2.00 for 25c.

Soaps and Extracts half price.

Specials.

<table border="

SARGE PLUNKETT.

BAD BREAKS
often occur in some articles of jewelry. Watch spring snaps, stone slips out of its setting, ring cracks, or a thousand and one other little accidents happen. It's convenient to know just where you can get all these matters adjusted by skilled workmen, with expedition and at reasonable prices. Put our address in your pocketbook in case of need. J. P. Stevens & Bros., jewellers, 47 Whitehall street.

HONEST WORK MAKES HONEST CITIZENS
An Industrious People Is the Nation's Hope—Teach the Children in This Way.

For the Constitution.
The cool October mornings are bracing to old folks; they make me feel good and I catch myself looking over the fields and listening for such sounds as—

Had a dog his name was Zion,
Here Rattler, here, here!
Run a track as cold as iron,
Here Rattler, here, here!

The young generation can't see anything in such as this, but if they will ask the old fathers and grandfathers they will more than apt see the old men's feet begin to put time as their memories lay back to past days and better times than will ever be known by the young of today.

This is the season for the gathering in of the fruits of the farmer's industry and of the slaves, but interred with happy thoughts, but to old men there is nothing in the gathering in of crops in this day to give us the good feeling that such occasions gave in the days before the war. The negroes don't sing as they used to sing, the dogs don't bark as they used to bark and the birds are not so tame and friendly as they used to be. The old-time negro sang, I think, can understand better than any of us that the price of liberty is heavy responsibilities and anxious cares that chill the heart and crowd the music from the soul. When the old-time negro sang—

"Oh, Emma, dear, dear Emma,
From the Mississippi vale.
In all this wide world over
There's none like Emma Dale."

There was a pathos and a volume that we will never have again—negroes who sang as the old-timers sang were never fit for treason, never thought of stratagem.

Me and Brown must be excused for dwelling upon old-time things when the leaves are turning yellow and the crops are gathered in. There is no great remembrance of the old or the sweet things past and the sad things present. Corn used to be gathered in a spirit of frolic and the cotton fields were interspersed with a plenty of pleasant things to keep the back from aching and divert the mind from thoughts of labor. To see an old-time negro run up on his hands and knees through the grass by some stump and see him burst out of his knee and scoop it out with his hand and watch the broad smile on his face—such was enough to divert the mind from thoughts of labor and fill the field with cheer. Such a scene could never happen now. If there were any melons hit in the grass as there used to be the old-time negro would be sorry to see them, but today would scorn to use his knee for such a purpose and would never use his hand to scoop out the meat. There is too much dignity in modern days without the hope of happy times just ahead. Corn shuckings are doubtful now and when they do come they will be held in better shape than used to be. I do wish that upon those October mornings I could see a youthful start for the fields with a hop, skip and a jump, yelling with all their might as they used to yell:

"Oh, don't you hear old Rattler comin'? Here Rattler, here, here!
Oh, don't you hear old Rattler runnin'? Here Rattler, here, here!"

The most of young people will turn up their noses at such as this. They had rather sing something about John Lee or Cobbett, or Fitzsimmons. Yesterday I heard a small boy singing something about Jessie James. I tried to catch it, but I doubt if I succeeded:

"Jessie, Jessie, poor old Jessie,
They have laid Jessie James in his grave,
Robert Ford caught his eye,
And shot him on the sly,
And they've laid Jessie James in his grave."

This little boy of yesterday threw just as much feeling into his song as he could and looked as if his whole heart went out to "poor Jessie." It is my opinion that it would have been much better for that boy to have sung something about "Old Rattler, here, here!"

The mothers of this day and time do not like the old "Rattler." They would never agree with me that their sons had better be romping over the fields with the dogs after while than reading books of Jessie James. They are not the same as the days every boy had his coon and possum dog. These dogs would stick their heads in traps occasionally, if the cooks got the least bit careless, but a good rap with the fire-stick across the dog's back satisfied everything and the boy would go hunting and robbing. In old times there were generally three or four of these dogs on every farm and it was a common saying in those days that where there were dogs to bark and boys to whistle there would be found a bandit.

I can understand the feelings sorry for a generation who boast of "progress" and that "progress" has none of the elements to fasten upon the heart a sweetness that will cheer one's age and make the past a pleasant memory. Last week I saw in The Constitution where John Ataway was at the Kimball. I went there to see him, but he was not there. I asked him where he was, where, where I understand they call him "professor." He was no "professor" with me. I only remember him as John and one of the best boys of Grimes county, though many years ago I had heard of John, but so soon as I heard the name a flood of happy memories filled my heart. His old dog "Slim," were remembered and loved along with their master, and his good mother and brother, and when his good mother died he was remembered, but every time my memory would return to the dog and our mutual fondness for him I would feel a pang—dogs and people—but so linger associations, and I would advise the attorney, and the doctor, and the physician to get a book for Jessie James and a gun for the hunting for such books as Jessie James or any other hero of crime.

The young people of our settlement are beginning to look about for a starting of the parties which always pertains to this season. Me and Brown are in favor of these parties, but these are very common and cost nothing, but a little labor. The boys can get up the wood and the women the candies, and the custard and pies. Potato custard is plenty good enough to satisfy at these parties for a midnight lunch, and the old folks will be satisfied with the eating of these parties will linger with you as long as life shall last, and it is with you whether the majority are sweet or otherwise.

Marvin L. CASE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, 21 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.

W. B. WILLINGHAM, ATTORNEY AT LAW, 62 City Hall, Atlanta, Ga.

W. W. GOODRICH, ARCHITECT, 10 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.

"It rains and it hails and it's cold, stormy weather. Louis comes the farmer drinking all the cider."

I feel young again and as supple as a three-year-old."

Uncle Jimmie advocated that the young people meet and mingle at the hotel and gather in the home. He thought it better than that they should divide up, the boys to themselves of hunting pleasure, the girls to themselves of pleasure, or reading some novel of questionable morality. This old farmer raised a large family on this idea, and I have wished them now for many years that he had not done so, for the character of all his posterity. This old friend did not leave out

the teachings of economy and industry. He was industrious and cheerful, was one of his maxims. Work in its time and then play with all your heart, but never over-work. An industrious family makes a cheerful home. All the scientific treatises can never improve upon this good old fashioned idea of industry, economy, cleanliness in the homes—this will lessen the number of criminals and bless the world.

How about here? Here this day and time who would fail to agree with this plain old farmer friend that industry is the cornerstone of all our happiness. The world is full of all kinds of idleness. Boys and girls hold their hands from work while their eyes are strained for every passing throng to bring them good cheer. The old-time negroes and idleness are cursing these times. Happy families cannot be had by idleness, and criminals will always appear where dissatisfaction creeps in.

Work for the girls and work for the boys, it is work that men and women like. Without work there is not any joys.

For idleness makes the world tearful.

Restless at home, restless at heart—A household is doomed rest all take part.

SARGE PLUNKETT.

The new-hat season comes around pretty regularly.

We're right in the midst of it with a generously chosen stock.

You can fit your head, and your taste for color or style, and your purse, at \$2, \$2.50, \$3 and \$3.50 in Fedoras or Derby hats. There's no sense in paying a hatter \$5 for the same thing that costs you \$3.50 here.

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PREPARATIONS

his fall's business. Such an element of "high class" clothing from the acting demands of evenness, to the wear resisting qualities of business use. All the things in single and double-sack Suits, and "Regent" fashions. Cut and tailored in the manner which has made this so popular.

Boys' and Children's Department Clothing for the little school suits TO THE DRESSY DESIGNS,

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THE CONSTITUTION, JR.

DEVOTED TO THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF THE YOUNG READERS OF THE CONSTITUTION,

Supplement to The Atlanta Constitution.

ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1894.

TWO DAYS IN THE LIFE OF PICCINO

BY FRANCIS HODGSON BURNETT.

Chapter II.

He was too well accustomed to his dirt to think of it as being objectionable, so the way in which Greggs lifted him up on to the seat on the box did not at all offend itself to him. He did not realize that in exactly the same manner the excellent Greggs would have handled an extremely dirty little dog her ladyship had chosen to pick up by the wayside and order him to take charge of.

But though he did not understand how he was regarded by the illustrious signor in livery who sat near him, he was conscious that he was not comfortable and felt that somehow they were not exactly friendly. His place on the box seemed at an enormous height from the ground and as they went down hill over the winding road he was rather frightened, particularly when they rounded a sharp curve. It seemed so probable that he might fall off and he was afraid to clutch at Greggs, who kept as far from him as possible under the circumstances.

It was a long, long drive to San Remo, and it seemed longer to Piccino than it really was. San Remo to him appeared a wonderful foreign country. He had never been there and only knew of it what Maria had told him. Maria had once gone there in the small cart drawn by the donkey and she had never forgotten the exaltation of the adventure. She was always willing to describe over again the streets, the white villas, the shops and the grand hotels.

Piccino was so tired that he fell asleep before the carriage had left the curving road, but when it reached the city the jolting of the wheels wakened him and he opened his beautiful, drowsy eyes and found them dazzled by the lights. They were not very bright or numerous lights, but they seemed so very dazzling to him that he felt bewildered by them. If Maria had been with him he would have clung to her and asked questions about everything, but even if he had not been too much a baby and too shy, he could not have asked questions of Greggs, who was sufficiently English to feel his own language quite enough for a sensible footman. If the Italians wished to speak Italian that was their own taste and they might bear the consequences of not being able to make him understand them. English was enough for Greggs.

So Piccino was borne through the amazing streets in silence. The people in the carriage had also become rather silent, having been lulled as it were by the long drive through the woods and olive groves. Lady Aileen, in fact, had had time to begin to wonder if her new plan would prove as satisfactory and amusing as she had fancied it might. Mr. Gordon was quietly speculating about it himself, the other man in the carriage was thinking of the Battle of Fowls at Nice and inventing a new scheme of floral decoration for a friend's victory. The only person who was really thinking of Piccino himself was the girl who sat by Lady Aileen. She was a clever girl and kind, and she was wondering how he would like the change in his life, and if he had begun to feel homesick.

The carriage had to go up hill again before it reached Lady Aileen's villa. It was a snow-white villa on an eminence, and it had a terraced garden and looked out over the sea. When they drove through the stately gateway, Piccino felt his small heart begin to thump though he did not know why at all. There were shadows of trees and scents of roses and orange blossoms and heliotrope. And on the highest terrace the white house stood with a glow of light in its portico and gleams in its windows. Poor little dirty peasant baby, how could it be otherwise than that all this grandeur and whiteness should alarm him?

But there was just one thing that gave him a homely feeling. And oh! he felt it so good that it was so! As they turned in at the gate he heard a familiar sound. It was the hysterical sniffing and jumping and yelping whines of welcome of a dog—a poor exiled dog—whose kennel was kept close by the gate—probably to guard it. He was fastened by a chain and evidently being a friendly, sociable creature did not like being kept in this lonely place and not allowed to roam in the world. He could not have friendly sights and associates and he could not rush about and jump on ladies' dresses and gentlemen's clothes and leave his dusty and muddy affectionate pawmarks all over them. And so he was not happy, and when he heard footsteps approaching always strained at his chain and sniffed and whined. As these returning carriages belonged to his own domestic circle he almost went wild with joy and leaped and yelped and did his best to make somebody speak to him. He was adoringly fond of Lady Aileen, who scarcely ever noticed him at all, but once or twice had said, "Good fellow! Nice dog!" as she went by, and once had come and given him two whole pats while he had wriggled and fawned himself nearly into hysterics of dog delight.

And it so happened that as the carriage turned into the beautiful gateway Piccino heard this sound he knew, that loving, eager, pleading dog voice, which is as much Italian as it is English, and as much peasant as it is noble. The dogs in the hovels near by Ceriani spoke just as Lady Aileen's dog did, and asked for the same thing—that human things should love them a little and believe that they themselves love a great deal. And Piccino, who was only a beautiful little baby himself, understood it vaguely, and was somehow reminded of his friend, the donkey, and felt not quite so many hundred miles from home and the

tumble down stable and Maria. He involuntarily lifted his soft, dirty, blooming face to Greggs in the dark.

"A chi li cane?" he said (Whose dog is that?)

"What's that he's saying?" said Greggs to the coachman.

"Must be something about the dog?" answered Hepburn. He said something or other about a carney, and carney means dog. It's a deuce of a language to make out."

And so not being answered Piccino could only resign himself and as the carriage rolled up the drive listen to the familiar homely dog sound and wish he could get down and go to the kennel. And then the carriage stopped before the door. And the door was thrown open by a liveried servant and showed the brilliantly lighted hall where there were beautiful pictures and ornament and curious things hung on the walls and rich rugs on the floor and quaint seats and bits of furniture about, so that to Piccino it looked like a grand room.

Lady Aileen spoke to the footman at the door.

"Send Nicholson to me," she said. "Bring the child into the hall," she said to Greggs. So Piccino was taken down in as gingerly a manner as he had been put up, and Greggs set him discreetly on a bit of the floor not covered by rugs.

He stood there without moving, his luminous eyes resting on Lady Aileen.

Lady Aileen spoke to her companions, but he didn't know what she was saying, because she spoke English.

"He is exactly like some little animal."



Greggs Set Him Discreetly on a bit of the Floor not Covered by Rugs.

she said. "He does not know what to make of it all. I am afraid he is rather stupid—but what a beauty!"

"Poor little mite," said the girl. "I dare say he is tired."

Nicholson appeared almost immediately. She was a neat, tall, prim young woman, who wore black cashmere and collar and apron of snow.

Lady Aileen made a gesture towards Piccino.

"I have brought this child from Ceriani," she said. "Take him upstairs and take his rags off and burn them. Give him a bath—perhaps two or three will be necessary. Get his half in order. Modesta can change my dress for me. I shall come into the bathroom myself presently."

Piccino was watching her fixedly. What was she saying? What were they going to do with him?

She turned away and went into the salon with her guests, and Nicholson came towards him. She gave him the same uncomfortable feeling Greggs had given him. He felt that she did not like him—and she spoke in English.

"Come upstairs with me, I am going to wash you," she said.

But Piccino did not understand and did not move. So she had to take hold of his hand to lead him, which she objected very much to doing. She took him up the staircase and through landings and corridors where he caught glimpses of wonderful bedrooms that were of dainty colors and had silk and lace frills and cushions in them and made him feel more strange than ever. And at last she opened a door and took him into a place which was all blue and white porcelain—walls and floors and everything else—including a strange large object in one corner, which had shining silver things at one end. And she released his hand and went to the silver things and twisted them round, and as if by magic two streams of clear water gushed out and began to fill the blue and white trough as the bed of a torrent is filled by the spring rains.

Piccino's eyes grew bigger and more lustrous every second as he stared. Was she doing this interesting but rather alarming thing to amuse him? Maria had never seen anything like this in San Remo or she would certainly have told him. He was seeing more than Maria. For a moment or so he was not sorry he had come. If the rich forestieri had things like this to play with, they must have other things as amus-

ing. And somehow the water was hot. He could see the pretty white steam rise from it. He came a little closer to look. "Nicolia" as he called her in his mind, having heard Lady Aileen speak to her as "Nicholson". Nicolia moved to and fro and collected curious things together—a white cake of something, a big tight round thing made of holes, large pieces of thick, soft, white cloth with fringe at the ends—something these last—which must be like the things Maria had heard of as being used in churches by the priests.

"The fair?" (What are you doing?) he said to Nicolia.

But she did not understand him and only said something in English as she took off her white cuffs and rolled up her sleeves.

By this time the two rushing streams had splashed and danced into the bed of the torrent until it was nearly full. Nicolia twisted the silver things as before and by magic again the rushing ceased and the clear pool was still, the light vapor rising from it.

Nicolia came to him and began to take off his clothes with the very tips of her fingers, speaking in English as she did it. He did not know what she was saying.

"A pretty piece of work for a lady's maid to do. My own clothes may go into the wash tub and rag bag after it. The filth of such people is past bearing. And it's her ladyship all over to have such a freak. There's no end to her whims. Burn them! she might well say burn them. The sooner they are in the fire the better." She took off the last rag and kicked it aside with her foot. Piccino stood before her, a little soft brown cherub without wings.

"Upon my word!" she said, "he is pretty. I suppose that's the reason."

Piccino was beginning to feel very queer indeed. The rushing water was amusing but what was her intention in taking off all his clothes? That was not funny. Surely the forestieri wore clothes when they were

Surrounded by Lions.

The following exciting story of an attack made by lions on a hunters' camp in Africa is told by A. A. Anderson, a well-known hunter and traveler of the dark continent. His party had gone into camp for the night.

"For over an hour nothing occurred to disturb our rest and I was just passing off into blissful unconsciousness when a loud crash, followed by screams of terror from the women and children, effectively dispelled my sleepiness. In a moment the whole camp was in an uproar.

Bushmen were shouting, Dirk was swearing and women were yelling in the shrillest of trebles. Rifle in hand, I rushed to the kraal just in time to see a monstrous lion leap back into the darkness of the night, carrying a child in his mouth. I fired without taking much aim, and, unfortunately, was unsuccessful. Dirk and Klaas both fired immediately after me, but the big brute got clean away with his screaming human prey. I turned sick at the sight and was about to order a general pursuit, when numerous pairs of gleaming eyes all round us showed me the hopelessness of the task.

We were hemmed in and surrounded by a formidable troop of lions and it would require all our skill to save our own lives should they have the temerity to break through the fire and the wall of branches.

The beasts were probably reckless from hunger, and when in this condition they would not hesitate to attack their puny bushmen foes. This consideration induced me to order the removal of my black guests from their frail laager to the surer protection of the wagon.

"The kraal was about twenty-five yards distant and there was some peril to be incurred in bringing the people across this intervening space. In fact, before the transaction was accomplished some of the lions got on both sides of the wagon where the cattle were tethered and the latter testified their knowledge of the near presence of enemies by an agitated pawing of the ground and by loud snorts and violent tremblings. However, the human cargo was got across without any mishap, but the fires at the kraal soon burned themselves out and our position was rendered more difficult by the darkness which ensued.

"From this time we kept up a regular fusillade whenever we saw a lion or thought we saw one, although the firing scarcely did more than keep them at bay.

Once an immense brute got quite close and was in the act of springing upon my horse, when we rushed forward and planted three bullets in his body. He fell dead, and we afterward found that by a lucky chance one had pierced his heart.

"During this frantic hubbub and noise the oxen were making strenuous efforts to break from the reins which fastened them to the wagon. At last one succeeded in getting loose and rushed away madly into the gloom. It was useless to attempt to follow, and all our efforts were required to save the other fifteen and the horse, which latter was invaluable, for without him I should have only a poor chance of procuring fresh meat.

"At last a gleam of light became visible in the eastern horizon—a welcome sight to men besieged by relentless foes. By 5 o'clock the sun would show himself and the lions would slink away to their lairs, leaving us to obtain a hard-earned repose.

Fortunately no further desperate charge was attempted, and before the day had fairly brightened the gleaming eyes of the besiegers vanished over the veldt. All danger being at an end, I sent Dirk and Klaas to follow the spur of the missing ox, and nearly a mile away they came upon the animal's remains, consisting of little more than a bundle of bones strewed about in every direction. This showed that a large troop of lions had made their banquet on the carcass. A young half-grown one was still prowling about the spot, and Dirk speedily gave him his quietus.

"As for the child which was carried off, no traces of him could be found, and, of course, this was only what was expected.

"Thus ended one of the most formidable dangers from an attack by wild animals I have ever experienced. The task of defending so many helpless bushmen and their families, together with my priceless cattle, was not an easy one, especially on so dark a night, during half of which we had no fires. In the days of which I am writing the Kalahara desert was the hunter's paradise, and the rifle was a ruthless weapon of destruction, and kept the white man's life safe. But as for the wretched natives, armed with primitive bow and spear, they could effect very little against the savage animals of the wilderness, but it was no uncommon thing to hear of men, women and children being caught and eaten, not only by lions, but by panthers and leopards also. Wolves have been known to boldly enter native kraals and take off the children.

"When the sun was well overhead I had the oxen attended to, and then made ready for inspanning, as I did not wish to spend another night in so undesirable a locality.

Before dismissing my bushmen guests I gave them some fresh meat, tobacco and a few beads, which greatly delighted them.

Klaas was profuse in his thanks, and as I had taken a fancy to the man, I asked him

if he would like to enter my service.

"Ah, boss, I should like to be with the white man again," he answered. "I can leave my people, whom you have saved from the lions, but I cannot leave my wife and young daughter."

"They can come, too," I replied. "You yourself will be useful, for being a good shot, you can help to keep up a fresh supply of meat."

"So it was arranged, and we quietly lashed and commenced a long trach southward to the Brumus mountains, whilst the bushmen turned their faces northward in search of a well-watered camping ground."

THE GLOBE

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SCHOOL TALK.

Last Monday afternoon the public school children received their report cards for the month of September. In Crew street school there was not a single absence reported in the eighth grade. This is a splendid beginning, and if the pupils keep up their record they will have the banner grade of the city.

The following pupils head the honor rolls in the different grades of the school:

Eighth Grade—Louise Gatchings, 96.3; Lillian Mayfield, 96.3.

Seventh Grade—Mary McGuire, 96; Alma Roberts, 95.

Sixth Grade—Mary Rucker, 97.9.

Fifth Grade—Lela Culley, 97.4.

Fourth Grade—Fancy Stewart, 98.7.

Third Grade—Harriet Ellis, 97.

Second Grade—Gay Braxton, 98.1.

The following honor roll does not give the name of the school, the omission being an oversight on the part of the teacher. The children, however, will recognize their names and receive due credit for their good records during the month:

Seventh Grade—Mary Chapman, 97.7; Leila Wooten, 97; Carl Giles, 97; Erskine Stout, 95.9; Lela Parker, 95.6; Bertha Egan, 95.

Sixth Grade—Julia Wright, 98.7; Pearl Asbury, 98.6; Alline Clayton, 97.5; Ethel Hammond, 96.1; Fannie Burney, 96.6; Irma Langford, 95.3.

Fifth Grade—Nellie McDonald, 97.6; Ione Land, 95.7; Joe Garvey, 96.3; Albert Blaser, 95; Carl Cochran, 95; May Howard, 95; Fannie May Banks, 95; Van DuRose, 95.

Fourth Grade—Daisie Glenn, 98.9; Kittle Westbrook, 98.7; May Asbury, 98.3; Leonard Schenck, 97.8; Lee Grier, 97.3; Scottie Hughes, 97.3; Tom Johnson, 96.5; Fannie Cowan, 96.4; Eunice Fears, 96.3; Alice Donohue, 95.3; Beaulah Hays, 95.1; Arthur Varnay, 95.6; Dolly Barfield, 95.8; Alline Guerin, 95.6; Nannie Hahmmond, 95.6; Thomas Laird, 95.4; Anna Belle Burton, 95.4; Ruth Prizzell, 95.2; Mamie Toy, 95.

Third Grade—Annie Maude Wellborn, 95.9; Ruby Hudson, 95.7; Wiley Thompson, 94.7.

Second Grade—Ollie Rice, 96.8; Lizzie McWater, 95.6; Herbert Grant, 95.5; Lillian Burgess, 95.3; Ronie Harris, 95.2.

First Grade—John Holland, William Gaddy, Jesse DuBose, Tom Collier, Mary Hill, Mamie Grant, Salie F. Cochran, John Dorothy, Lizzie Crawley, Lenos Tillander, Louise Blount, Pearl Dernell.

In this connection it is proper to say that The Constitution, Jr., will be glad to print the honor rolls of all the schools, provided the names of those only who head the roll of honor are given. To print the names of all the pupils would require more space than is allowed to the honor rolls and hereafter only the pupils who lead the classes will be printed. An invitation is given to every school in the city to send in the names of their honor children at the first of each month. A correspondent will be secured from each of the schools to furnish these columns with news items and interesting bits of information.

Miss Mary Christian, one of the pupils of the seventh grade, Fraser Street school, and a bright little girl, writes the following letter to The Constitution, Jr.:

"I should like to give The Constitution, Jr., a few items from our school. We are just beginning our second month in the new session and we all feel as fresh and bright as when we started."

"With the encouragement of our kind and loving teachers, we hope to spend a profitable and happy year. We have no eighth grade, but two of the pupils that went over to Crew have won first honor this month."

"We still continue the 'C. C. K.' Society and elected our officers Friday."

Mr. Walter Hay, of the Boulevard school, writes as follows:

"This school enjoyed a visit from Colonel W. S. Thomson, one of the members of the board of education, on last Monday. In the eighth grade he was entertained by recitations in science and reading. After making a brief talk to the members of the class on the subject of the lesson he offered four prizes—one for the best recitation and the others for diligent study, reading and debate. This school is always glad to receive visits from the members of the board of education, and the members of the eighth especially."

Miss Allie Mann, of Fraser Street school, sends the following brief communication:

"Fraser Street school was recently honored by a visit from Professor W. A. Bass, the principal of the night school. He gave each class in the school a good, practical talk and the scholars will no doubt derive much profit from the visit of this good man. Professor Bass is also the assistant superintendent of the public schools."

The following are the members of the board of education: Messrs. D. A. Beatie, W. S. Thomson, R. J. Lowry, S. M. Inman, Joseph Hirsch, W. R. Hammonds, Dr. E. L. Connally, W. H. Huley, J. C. Hendrix, A. L. Kunta, W. M. Bray, Burgess Smith, John T. Gleason, Dr. A. W. Calhoun and J. W. English.

Circus Day.

Our teacher had promised to let us go a half hour earlier than usual to see the great circus, and we all watched the hands of the old timepiece, which it seemed to us had never gone so slowly before. I could not help but see all of the joyous faces around me, and I felt equally as happy, for father had given me a bright silver dollar on which to enjoy myself.

At the beginning of the session I had taken a dislike to a boy called Tory Williams; on the playground he was invariably teasing little boys and making things generally uncomfortable for them. As I looked around from my seat I saw the boy holding up a fifty-cent piece proudly.

All of the children sneered at him, for he was universally disliked. But I could not help noticing Willie Jones, who was gazing wistfully at the piece of silver in the hands of Tory. This set me to thinking. Willie Jones was a poor boy and most probably could get no money to see the circus with. I felt my conscience telling me to give up going and let the poor boy have my money. But I was not strong enough

to do this and swallowing a lump in my throat I turned away.

I felt uneasy during the rest of the time. The face of poor little Willie Jones haunted me and several times I was tempted to give up my money; selfishness, however, overcame me. When ordered to get our hats and satchels I saw the little fellow with bent head and wet eyes pass by me and again take his seat. My enemy, Tory Williams, had seen this; too, for I heard him mutter "Poor Fellow!" The time passed rapidly and we were all dismissed. As I hurriedly started for home I chanced to look over on the other side of the street. That which I saw made the hot flush of shame appear upon my face. Tory Williams had called the little poor boy to him and had placed in his hand a silver half-dollar.

I understood it all at a glance. The boy whom I had supposed was cruel and hard-hearted had given up going to the circus to let Willie Jones go in his place. I waited no longer, but rushed up to my wronged school-fellow and shook his hand heartily. I, of course, shared my dollar with the kind-hearted fellow, and Willie Jones, Tory Williams and I all went to the circus.

WILLIE LARNED.

Jamie's Apple Dwarfs.

Jamie had been told not to eat any green apples. They would make him ill, said mamma. But when he was at home in the city he had seen Bridget make apple pies—and jolly good ones, too!—out of just such green apples.

It was a beautiful sunshiny day, and Jamie was in grandpa's big orchard. He was lying on the ground, looking up into the apple trees. The leaves twinkled in the slight breeze and he liked to watch them in the sunlight. Now and then he could catch just a glimpse of blue sky. It was all very quiet, and he could be just as lazy as he chose; for there were no more lessons until September.

Bang! came something down on Jamie's chest. He jumped up, frightened. But it was only one of those green apples which he must not eat. He picked it up and turned it over, examining it carefully.

"It doesn't seem so green after all," he remarked, thoughtfully.

"I wonder if it has brown seeds," he continued, talking softly to himself. "I don't



think it would hurt me to see if it has."

Then he took a bite, but it was not large enough, so he had to take another. A third followed, then a fourth and fifth before he could see the seeds. By that time the apple was half eaten, and, to his surprise, he saw some tiny white seeds. They were not brown at all!

"But it was good," said Jamie to himself; "and how did I know the seeds wouldn't be brown? I may as well eat it all up now."

He had no sooner eaten it all up than dropped another green apple and still another. As he had eaten one he thought one more would not hurt him, and he did not feel ill, as mamma said he would. So in a twinkling number two went down and number three soon followed.

By night time Jamie had eaten a great many apples. Mamma noticed that he was not very hungry at supper time, but she said nothing. After supper Jamie played for a little while, but somehow he did not feel very well, so mamma put him to bed quite early. It was not long, however, before he was fast asleep.

Bang! Down on Jamie came something. What was it? Only a green apple again. He took a bite and out jumped a little black man!

"Thank you so much for letting me out," says the little man, rubbing his eyes. "I have been trying to get out of that apple for a long time, but there have been no bad little boys here until you came," and he shook his head sadly.

Jamie was very much frightened, for he had not expected to see an ugly little black man in the apple; he was looking for pretty little brown seeds. He quickly threw down the little man and the apple, too. But the dwarf would not go away. He jumped on Jamie's head and would not get off. If he had not known it was the little black man he would have thought he had a headache, but there he was jumping up and down on his head. Bang! If there wasn't another apple and a third a fourth, fifth sixth until it seemed to rain apples. And somehow, he did not know exactly how it was, but every time an apple came tumbling down Jamie had to bite it open and out popped little man, until at last he was surrounded by black dwarfs. And how they teased and tormented him, until he was so frightened he wanted to cry out, but the dwarfs had tied up his mouth and he could not make a sound.

"What a nice apple pie he will make!" said one little man. "Yes," said another, "and such a jolly good fat one!"

Jamie lay listening. Surely they would not make a pie out of him; he had never heard of such a thing. He opened his eyes just a little and to his surprise he was in a big kitchen, and the dwarfs were working away for dear life, some making the fire, others rolling out dough, and some greasing a large pie-tin to put him in.

What was he to do? By this time no one seemed to be paying any attention to him. He had lain so quietly that the little men who were guarding him thought him asleep and had run off to help the others.

Jamie slowly raised one hand to his head, then the other, and just as the dwarfs were ready to put him in the oven he tore the bandage off his mouth and shouted: "Mamma! Oh, mamma!"

"Jamie, my child, what is it?" cried mamma, rushing in with the night lamp.

"Don't let them! Don't let them!" cried Jamie in a frightened voice.

"Don't let them do what, child?"

"Make apple pie of me," sobbed Jamie.

"You are dreaming, child," said mamma, putting her arm around him. "But your head is hot and I fear you have a fever. I must send for the doctor. What have you been eating, Jamie?"

"Green apples," said Jamie, sadly.

The doctor came and Jamie was very ill for a few days. When he was well again he never touched another green apple. He feared not only that he would be ill, but that a little black man would jump out!

FOR THE WATCH.

Two Different Contests Have Been Suggested.

Two different contests have been suggested for the watch to be awarded by The Constitution, Jr.

One little girl offers the following suggestion:

"Atlanta, Ga., September 26, 1894.—Dear Junior: I suggest that any child composing the best poem, with an acrostic of the word 'Junior' be awarded the watch. Yours truly, Mary Mashburn, 215 East Linden Street, City."

This is the other plan:

"Atlanta, Ga., September 28, 1894.—Dear Junior: I suggest that the child sending in the most words gotten from the word 'Junior'—that is, which contains only the letters that are in the word 'Junior'—should be awarded the watch. Your friend and reader, Annie Peeke, 215 East Linden street."

Telling a Person's Age.

There was once a wise king who was very curious. He was possessed of a desire to know everything, and was continually asking questions. Indeed his thirst for knowledge carried him so far that he wanted to know the age of every person he met. But, being a king, he was exceedingly polite and resorted to strategy to gain his end. One day there came to the court a gray-haired professor, who amused the king greatly. He told the monarch a number of things that he never heard before, and the king was delighted. But finally it came to the point where the ruler wanted to know the age of the professor, so he thought of a mathematical problem.

"Ahem!" said the king. "I have an interesting sum for you. It is a trial in mental arithmetic. Think of the number of the month of your birth."

Now, the professor was sixty years old, and had been born two days before Christmas, so he thought of 12, December being the twelfth month.

"Yes," said the professor.

"Multiply it by 2," continued the king.

"Yes."

"Add 5."

"Yes," answered the professor, doing so.

"Now, multiply that by 50."

"Yes."

"Add your age."

"Yes."

"Subtract 365."

"Yes."

"Add 115."

"Yes."

"And now," said the king, "might I ask what the result is?"

"Twelve hundred and sixty," replied the professor, wondering.

"Thank you," was the king's response.

"So you were born in December, sixty years ago, oh?"

"Why, how in the world do you know?" cried the professor.

"Why," retorted the king, "from your answer—120. The month of your birth was the twelfth and the last two figures give your age."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the professor. "Capital idea. I'll try it on the next person I meet. It's such a polite way of finding out people's ages."

Flashes of Fun.

"Johnny," said the minister, "I hope your father lives in the fear of the Lord."

"I guess he does, sir. He never goes out on Sunday without he takes his gun."

Deadbeat—Can you lend me \$5. I left my pocket-book at home and have no change on my person.

Philosopher—I am sorry I can't lend you the \$5, but here is a street car ticket; you can ride home and get your money.

A western lady sent the following communication to a newspaper:

"Dear Mr. Editor—My husband died this morning at 8 o'clock. Loss fully covered by insurance."

Proud Father (showing off his boy before company)—My son, which would you rather be, Shakespeare or Edison?

Little Son (after meditation)—I'd rather be Edison.

"Yes? Why?"

"Cause he ain't dead."

Teacher—They builded better than

THE CONSTITUTION, JR.

PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY.

FOR THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF THE YOUNG READERS OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Sent Free, as a Supplement, to the Readers of the Daily Constitution.

All Letters and Communications Intended for this Issue Must be Addressed to The Constitution, Jr.

ATLANTA, GA., October 7, 1894.

Young Story Writers.

All of our readers will remember what interest was taken in the prize story contest that took place in The Junior several weeks ago. We have decided to throw open one of our columns each week for short stories from the boys and girls. No prize will be offered for the stories, but those who care to try their hand at story writing will have an opportunity to do so, and the best stories received will be printed. Of course this column will be exclusively for the girls and boys, and grown up people will not be expected to send stories for this particular department. No story must run over 300 words, and we prefer that they be shorter. We will not be able to publish all of the stories, but those which have merit will be published with the names of the writers attached. In this way our young readers will have an opportunity of testing their skill as short story writers and of having their stories appear in print. All stories intended for this department must be addressed to The Constitution, Jr.

The Prize Contest.

The prize contest, which was to have been closed this week, will be held open for two weeks longer. Our reason for doing this is that, while many suggestions have been made, they are all along lines of contests already held.

We want some bright, original suggestion for the watch contest—not the regulation fairy story or coupon contests, but something new and original. Surely some of the boys and girls can think of something bright and new, which has not been tried before.

Remember, the boy or girl making the best suggestion will get \$5 in gold, and the plan that wins the prize will be used in the watch contest to follow later.

Now let all The Junior's readers try their hand, and we will see who can make the brightest, newest and best suggestion for a plan for the watch contest.

JUNIOR STORIES.

Written by Some of the Young People.

The Flowers.

The setting sun was shedding his soft, mellow rays across field, plain, yard and woods alike, gilding the treetops and wrapping the flowers in his golden beams.

Where the shade mingled with the sunshine and the zephyrs stole gently by, bringing good news to those who understood their whisperings, the flowers were holding a meeting. Why they were holding a meeting was this: A zephyr which had lingered longer than any of the others had done had told them that tomorrow the children would be there to gather them and decorate their church for Children's Day.

Now, the flowers were delighted at this, for they liked to be placed high on the walls and twined about the pictures of the holy Christ and His disciples, adding to the beauty of the scene.

"I shall do my very best to make plain to little children the verse in God's holy book 'consider the lilies how they grow.' It was the lily herself who spoke, lifting as she did so her snowy head, as pure and white as the hearts of the little ones whose hands were soon to gather them. "And I," said the honeysuckle, "I shall twine about the altar and table, teaching the children how the love of Christ should twine about their hearts."

"I am the rose of Sharon, spoken by Solomon in God's word," said a voice, and the flowers looking in that direction saw it was the rose which spoke. "Do you think they will notice me? I will do what I can for the children's pleasure."

"Notice you, my fair sister! You will be among the first chosen, while I only hope that I may be taken, for I will remind some of the love of Christ, who died on the cross—the cruel cross which I bear also," murmured the passion flower.

"I am blue like the sky where he lives," said a voice in a distant corner, which the flowers recognized as the pansy, "and where all little children who keep His commandments will live some day."

"While they choose among my fairer sisters I shall not be forgotten," said the oleander, and up spoke the little violet, saying, as she tucked her head under her cool, green leaves to sleep: "While I am not so very fair, I would like to be taken. I'm sure I could do much toward decorating the church, and would gladly lend my fragrance."

By this time King Sol had gone to rest, leaving banks of purple, gold and red in the western sky. Then night fell fast and the moon arose, shedding her silvery light over the flowers who drooped their heads and went to sleep awaiting the morrow.

With the first appearance of the breaking dawn they awoke and shook off the sparkling dew, which had fallen upon them during the night, and by sunrise the children came. One pretty little girl had already found the lilies, and breaking their long stems bore back her trophies in triumph to the rest, while a small boy was filling his arms with the graceful honey-suckle.

In the meanwhile different children had found the other flowers and with their arms laden with masses of beauty and perfume were returning toward the church. How

merrily they laughed and sang as their busy hands formed many beautiful decorations. How nimbly their little fingers sorted out the pansies from the violets and again formed both into a wreath, and how proud the flowers were at being placed so close together that they could whisper to each other how glad they were that none were forgotten. A large bunch of roses were placed on the organ, and the pulpit was a combination of violets, pansies, oleanders and lilies. After awhile the flowers were all used to the children's fancy and were left alone in God's house for the coming morning, and as the crowd grew larger and larger as the morning hours were whiled away the flowers nodded their heads and listened as the children sang:

"Let the little ones come unto me."

MARY LUCILE PRICE.
Enterprise, Miss.

THE RIDING SUPES.

Boys Who Pick Up Pennies About the Stage Entrance.

Whenever a great show employing horses is going on in New York a regiment of boys, some in rags and tatters, others respectably dressed, hang eagerly about the stage entrance.

The first time I noticed this I thought it was the usual crowd of penniless lads waiting, some sly or stolen peep at the show, but they displayed little effort to further any such plans. They gathered at the side entrance of the theater and were tolerated by the police and doorkeeper, generally very quarrelsome persons.

"These boys?" said the doorkeeper. "Why, they ride the horses from the stable to every performance and are now waiting for their charges to come out of the theater.

"This is a regular profession among these little scamps," he went on, "who are known as the 'horse riders' everywhere. They are given two pennies to ride the horse from the stable to the theater and a couple of cents for the ride back. Most of them sell newspapers during the day and spend their evenings this way. The pleasure of prancing the horse all the evening is delight enough for them. I think they would still beg for places, even if the pay should stop."

In New York, where shows run for months, the contract to ride the horses is not one to be despised, as with eight performances a week, including matinees, their revenue is 32 cents a week—all extra work. Their great possibilities are when Barnum's big circus comes to the Madison Square garden, when 100 of the trade find employment.

These little horse riders are reveling just now in "Shenandoah," a great war play at the Academy of Music. It is an affair that delights their souls, being full of cavalrymen and cannon and war cries. Every night at 8 o'clock the riders call at the stables up town and center in full parade down Madison avenue as proudly as the Sventh regiment. When they arrive at the theater they remain on the horses' backs until the intermission just before the big act, when thirty or forty horses are used in the scene where Sheridan's army retreats and then rallies as Sheridan and his cavalry come across the stage at full tilt to save the day.

During this intermission the boys ride into the back of the stage and put the horses into the stalls.

These boys all know "Shenandoah," and have named the horses they ride after generals.

Each boy picks out his own horse and sticks to his favorite through the play. They have, as I said, named them after the generals, and one can hear them as they ride by exclaiming, "Sheridan, what's the matter with your maine, old chap?" or "Longstreet, if you can't keep up with General Lee or Stonewall Jackson I'll give you a dose of lightning liniment" when you get back to the stable," etc. They never think of calling them by other than their war names, and the horses know their little ragged riders as well as they do the blue-coated cavalrymen who dash across the stage on their backs while the band plays "John Brown's Body" and the audience yell and hurrash and wave handkerchiefs.

And some day—who knows?—some of these boys may turn out great actors, as two French tragedians have done, who once sold papers in the foyers. H. HALLMARK.

A Fast Runner.

In a recent article on sprinting Mr. Walter C. Dohm tells the following story to show how fast a man can really cover ground:

"I have in mind," he writes, "the case of a certain well-known athlete who once surprised a number of people by showing them how great a man's speed really is. The young man in question was passing from one car to another of a train in motion, when a gust of wind blew off his new hat. Without thinking of the risk he incurred, he grasped the rail of the platform, swung to the ground with the dexterity of an old train hand, dashed back a half-dozen steps to where the hat lay, and almost before the astonished passengers could get their heads stretched out of the windows was in pursuit of the rear end of the train, which had just passed. Very wonderful it seemed to the spectators of the strange race between muscle and steam when the sprinter, after a hard race, grasped the rear rail and swung himself, panting but triumphant, to the platform. No one knew he was a champion runner. They thought only of the fact that the train was rolling along at the rate of eighteen or twenty miles per hour, and wondered how he did it. And one particularly stout old gentleman declared, 'I never saw anything like it before in all my life.'"

Better Than Nothing.

It is well to have more than one string to your bow. So thinks Tommy Smithers, as reported by The Indianapolis Journal. He was being catechized for his good by a well-meaning visitor.

"Well, Tommy," she said, "do you think you will ever be president of the United States?"

"I dunno," answered Tommy. "Mebbe I'll try for it after I get too old to be a pitcher."

ROMANTIC BOYHOODS.

A Wonderful Baby King.

To be a king at five years of age and hold a court of superlative magnificence is the lot that fell to only one monarch that ever lived. He was called the dauphin until at his majority, attained when he was fourteen years of age, Louis XIV became king of France.

The little Louis never knew what fun was from a boy standpoint; his babyhood was made up of formality, elegance and rich clothes.

He set the pace to his little French subjects in politeness; inheriting the most stately courtesy from his beautiful Spanish mother, he added to it a polish and glitter that has made his name famous as a master of etiquette.

No gay rides or swims, or meeting the common people, as his English cousin, Prince Charley did. Prime ministers, cardinals, dukes and princes talked to him and surrounded him jealously. But he probably would have had elaborate, showy manners, anyway, his disposition being formal and exacting of the courtesy due.

When he had been christened on his fifth year, with great state, in the chapel of the palace, his mother carried him into the room where his father, Louis XIII was dying. "Well, what is your name?" his father, the king, asked.

"Louis XIV," the little fellow promptly replied.

"Oh, not yet, not yet, my son."

But he was king in a few days, for his father's crown descended on him, and the stately little tot was the ruler of a great nation.

His first act of state was to receive the oaths of allegiance from his people. This he did, sitting in regal state on the throne, with a royal violet robe on and superb crown jewels. Sitting in front of him on

young Louis was not a fool or coward. He admitted to a noble that "His majesty has the making of four kings and an honest man in him."

Political troubles between the parliament and the court were rapidly developing. The little king and his court had to be awakened at 4 o'clock one morning and hurried out a prisoner to escape from the mob. This war of talk—for no blood was shed—was called the "fronde," that being the French name for a sling, and a witty Frenchman said that these people were like children "fronding in the ditches."

But the fronde succeeded in getting Cardinal Mazarin banished. Then Louis, at fourteen years of age, was declared absolute monarch of France. All the grandeur attendant upon a coronation was present; people thronged the streets and frightened his steed, but Louis's athletic nerve stood him in good stead. His first announcement showed that he was no weakling, and from that day, young as he was, he took active charge of affairs. He studied the affairs of other governments closely, he took pains to familiarize himself with all details of policy and then and there commenced to reign over the greatest era France has ever known and inaugurated the longest reign of any king in the world—seventy-seven years!

And still, unlike his Cousin Charley, who was called the "merry monarch" he was always known as the "grand monarque."

CLAIRO CLAXTON.

Bicycles Run by Hand.

The principal criticism of bicycle riding is that it exercises only the legs and does not produce the desired development of the arms and chest. Further, that its effect on the back and chest is positively harmful—a proposition which those who have noticed the attitude of habitual "scorchers" will not be disposed to deny.

The humpback attitude is conceded by all to be ungraceful and pernicious in its effect, but the added speed acquired by assuming this position affords sufficient reason in the eyes of many young men for disregarding all other considerations. A Frenchman, however, has just added an attachment to the wheel which promises to remove this temptation, as it provides for utilizing both arms and legs as a means of propulsion. The arrangement is simple, and, therefore, promising. It is called the "Quadrivotive O'Keenan." To an ordinary bicycle a second chain is attached. This chain unites two pinions; one is on the axis of the propelling wheel, the other is placed on a support fastened to the handle bar. Two handles, easily brought into play, work the contrivance.

Liquids in Equilibrium.

Here is an interesting feat of color-blending which can be performed at the dinner table, where usually all the ingredients can be found. A tall, narrow stem glass is the best. Four funnels are made of cardboard after the pattern shown in the sketch, the ends being turned over so as to form a spout-like arrangement.

The first liquid which is poured into the glass is cold black coffee, well sweetened. After this the funnels are used. A like quantity of water comes next, which is poured through a funnel, the bended edge of which is held close to the edge of the glass. For third charet is used, olive oil for the fourth and alcohol last. All the liquids are poured in as described through the separate funnels. Each of these liquids floats on top of the other, for each is specifically lighter in weight than the preceding one. The liquids will remain in repose as long as the glass is not moved. The secret lies in the careful pouring in of the liquids through the paper funnels.

Made It Unanimous.

A gentleman had been up in a balloon and had taken his little girl with him.

"How did you feel," asked a friend.

"Why," said he, "when we were up but a short distance my little girl looked over the edge of the basket car and cried: 'Mamma!' and I felt that way, too."

Wanted.

The following little poem is a clever piece of work and shows the humor that may be extracted from figures of speech:

A hat for the head of a fountain,
A glove for the hand of fate,
A shoe for the foot of a mountain,
A link from the chain of debate,
A spoke from the wheel of fortune,
A chip from the "pole" of the south,
A drink from the fountain of knowledge,
A word from the river's mouth.

A drink from the cup of sorrow,
A look from the face of the storm,
A stroll from the arm of justice,
A ring for the finger of scorn.

A knock at the door of repentance,
A throb from the ocean's heart,
A glance from the eye of a needle,
From Cupid's bow a dart.

THE FLY.

Baby Bye,
Here's a fly;
Let us watch him, you and I.
How he crawls
Up the walls
Yet he never fails!

I believe with six such legs
You and I could walk on eggs.
There he goes
On his toes,
Tickling Baby's nose.

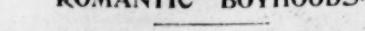
Spots of red
Dot his head;
Rainbows on his back are spread;
That small speck
In his neck;
See him nod and beck.

I can show you if you choose,
Where to look to find his shoes—
Three small pairs,
Made of hairs;
Those he always wears.

Black and brown
Is his gown;
He can wear it upside down;
It is faced
Round his waist;
I admire his taste.

Yet though tight his clothes are made,
He will lose them, I'm afraid.
If tonight
He gets sight
Of the candle light.

—Theodore Tilton.



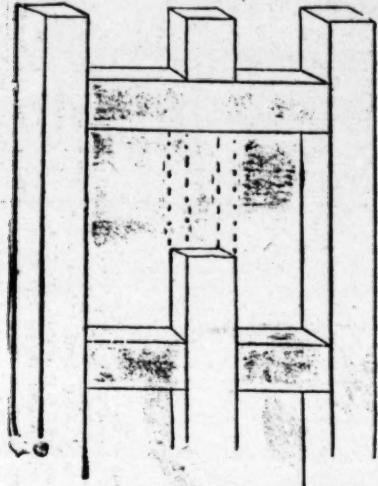
Louis XIV.

ARTFUL JUGGLING.

Aasy Slight of Hand That Any Clever Boy May Accomplish.

The boy who is able to perform a few tricks in legerdemain has the means of furnishing an exceedingly interesting entertainment, while the time devoted to learning them might easily be spent in some less profitable manner. Among the various implements for slight of hand tricks none have been so common as cards. The first two rudiments to be learned in handling them are "palming" and "making the pass." The first consists in concealing a card in the palm by simply pressing together the fleshy part of the thumb and several fingers.

Making the "pass" is a technical term for shifting the top or bottom card to any place in the deck. A very celebrated one, used by all professional card men is the "Charlier" pass. The cards are taken in the left hand, held by the tips of the second and third fingers and thumb. The lower half of the pack, by a slacking of the pressure of the thumb, falls loose on the hand. The first finger lifts the outer edge



The Construction of the Post in a Cabinet. of the lower packet until it reaches the ball of the thumb. The second and third fingers now relax their pressure, thereby allowing the outer edge of upper packet to pass the edge of the lower packet and to coalesce. This seems difficult, but it is not. Card men can make the pass sixty times a minute.

Card Trick.

There are a great many methods of identifying a chosen card. The most simple method is the following: Invite some one to draw a card. While he is examining it, press the cards together so as to make one end of them concave. Offer the pack that the card may be replaced. No matter how much the pack be shuffled you can detect the card, for it will be flat, while the remainder show a curved line at one end. A slight pressure on the opposite direction will make all straight again. Here is a very ingenious way of finding a card at the second guess: Tell any one to draw a card. Hold the pack behind your back and tell him to place his card on top. Pretend to make a great shuffling, but only turn that card with its back to the others, still keeping it on top. Hold up the cards with their faces toward the spectator and ask him if the bottom card is his. While doing so inspect his card at leisure. He, of course, denies it, and you begin shuffling again. He will probably ask to shuffle them himself—exactly what you want, since you know what the card is. Take back the cards, shuffle them until you get it at the bottom and show him the card.

To call the cards out of the pack requires palming, and, if well done, is a puzzler. Throw the cards on the table, faces down. Spread them out and tell a spectator as you name a card for him to touch one, which you take up. First name the ace of diamonds. This card you have previously concealed in your left hand. He touches a card which you take up without showing the face of it. This may be the four of hearts. Put it into your left hand on the ace of diamonds, covering the latter. Now call for the four of hearts. He touches another card, maybe the two of clubs, which you call for as before. Continue until six cards are drawn. Then substitute the last drawn card, which is a wrong one of course, for the ace of diamonds, or conceal it in the palm of your hand. Strew them on the table and while they are looking at them make way with the one in your left hand. A good plan is to tell them to write down the names of the cards as you call them out so there may be no mistake.

Palming Coins.

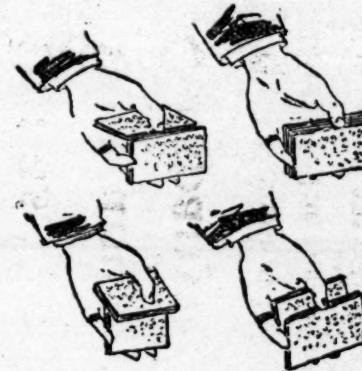
Many clever tricks can be done with coins. Palming here is even more necessary than with cards. A very common way of palming a coin is by the "jerk back." Place the coin between the second finger and thumb of the right hand, and holding open the left hand four or five inches below it, throw the coin with some force into the palm of the left hand. It should fall flat with an audible smack. At the same moment the left hand makes a quick upward movement to the extent of an inch, thereby jerking the coin back into the palm of the right hand, which closes just enough to retain it.

Robert Honain, the prince of magicians, gives the following method of making two coins pass from one hat to another. The coins are first shown in the right hand and then apparently transferred to the left, but really palmed in the right. The performer takes up with the same hand one of the hats and shows that it is empty, in so doing laying the coins flat against the lining. While holding this first hat he makes believe to drop the coins from the left hand into the second hat, in reality dropping them from the right hand into the first hat. The spectators hear the sounds and see the left hand, in which they supposed the coins to be, brought up empty. The keenest ear cannot be certain from

which of the two hats the sound comes. After this you mutter some mystic words and the coins "pass."

To Turn Ink Into Water.

Take a vase with black silk lining, pour it full of water. With a ladle which has a hollow handle and an outlet into the bowl dip out from the vase. The handle of the ladle holds about a spoonful of ink. When the ladle is thrust into the vase the ink runs out and colors the ladle of water. You offer this for inspection. Then, throwing a handkerchief over the vase, pretend to be invoking the powers, but in reality grasping the black silk lining, which you pull out with the handkerchief and display to the astonished spectators a vase of pure water. This is really a very excellent trick and is much used by the experts. Another illusion which causes much laughter is that of borrowing a high hat from some one and apparently thrusting your finger through it. For this purpose make a wax finger on a cork body colored like life. Insert a sharp needle in the hinder end of it. Palm the whole thing in your left hand. While pretending to discover some hole from the inside thrust the needle through from the outside. Then turn the top of the hat toward the audience and show the finger, wagging it about by means of the needle on the inside. To remove it reverse the process, carrying off the finger with the left hand. At the same moment pull the right arm away with a jerk, as though the finger were rather tight in the hole. The feat of catching a cannon ball might also be included under this head, as it is really a slight of hand. The trick lies in the loading. The performer places a ball in the mouth of the cannon, but instead of leaving it there he allows it to roll out again through the ramrod, which is hollow. He then conceals it about his clothes, and when the cannon is shot off with great combustion of powder he appears with the ball in his hand or lying at his feet. A trick which, for a long time has been the object of much curiosity is the "cabinet trick." A cabinet is brought on the stage, having three solid sides and a front door. An assistant is put inside and his hands are tied with a seal to an upright post. Soon as the door is closed hands are seen waving and the assistant's coat comes flying out. Immediately the door is opened and everything is found in *status quo*. The illustration ex-



Making a Pass.

plains this very clearly. The cabinet is solid in every particular except the middle post, which drops with a spring when the door closes. This frees the assistant's arms and he rapidly performs the various feats, replaces his arms and signals that he is ready.

A Dog's Affection.

We often read very pretty stories concerning the intelligence and affection displayed by dumb brutes. As to the following I am ready any day to make affidavit to it:

For about one year I have owned an extremely intelligent and valuable setter, now about three years old. "Katie" and I have been boon companions upon many a rough jaunt, as for the benefit of much-needed outdoor exercise, after twelve years' confinement at office work, I hunted a good deal last winter. Katie and I were fellow voyagers from the mountains to the solitudes of the great Okefinked swamp.

On the 29th day of last May I left for Europe, and as the hunting season was two months over, Katie had become lazy and enormously fat, though she still kept up her nightly barking. She is one of the worst dogs to bark at night I ever knew, and she was still always ready to run down and catch a chicken when the family wanted one. But very soon after I left home she began to grow thin and listless. She got so she would not catch a chicken. She lost flesh and fell away to a shadow of her former self and by the time of my return, early in September, she had stopped coming to the house altogether, but had gone to the barn and hidden herself away back underneath the floor in the darkness, never barked and had refused to eat for several days. She could not be coaxed out from under the barn.

When I came home and heard of the poor dog's sad plight I supposed she had either been poisoned by beaten glass by certain negroes, whose prowlings had been interfered with by the dog, or that she had happened to a mishap which kills more dogs, perhaps, than any other one thing—swallowed too large a bone. Hitherto none about the place had been able to entice her from underneath the barn floor, but when I came and called her she recognized the sound of my voice and crawled painfully out and licked my hand.

I was shocked at the wasted appearance of my poor dog and supposed she could not live a week. But instead of dying, she rapidly regained her appetite, came back to her place at the house, resumed her barking at night, catches the chickens with all of her former avidity, and now, in less than three weeks, is almost as fat as she was in the spring.

This is a true story. I was, before, thoroughly satisfied that dogs were the most intelligent of all our domestic animals, but I never had before seen a case where such genuine and unmistakable affection was displayed by one of them.

R. O. Cotter.

BUCKING PONIES.

Mark Twain, Bill Nye, The Texas Shifters, and in fact many wits of our western experience, have paid their humorous respects to the energetic equine, known as the "bronco."

Fun has been poked at his pitchings, his lunges laughed at, and his antics under the persistent cowboy have been, by inexperienced "tenderfoot," oftentimes pronounced a fraud. This is because they who have made this charge know nothing of the nature of the "bronco," and are not familiar with his early life and training.



Bucking Bronco.

The idea that the tough little horse we see trying to dislodge his rider is a trained trickster, taught to make the vicissitudes of race a cause of laughter for thoughtless persons, has gained a foothold in the public mind, because they see him making lunges for liberty, day after day in some wild west exhibition.

Those who know the "bronco" know why he bucks; they know that he is in this manner protesting against a condition he finds himself confronted with, and against which he inaugurates active rebellion.

From whence comes this horse, and why he so vigorously objects to serving as a beast of burden, no one to my knowledge has yet attempted to tell; and if any apologies have been offered for the outlawry of the "bronco," these also have escaped my notice.

The "bronco" is a pioneer. In his veins flow the blood of an ancestry on the backs of which were borne the Spanish invaders, who, centuries ago, subjugated the people of the gentle Montezuma and conquered the sun-kissed valleys of the southland.

Escaping from their Castilian masters, on the broad "pampas" of Texas, in the kindly vales of New Mexico and Arizona, the ancestors of the "bronco" multiplied into limitless herds of wild horses.

From these ownerless herds the Indian made captives and became a beggar on horseback. By the privations the wild horse endured with their savage captors, who took them into a more northerly climate, they became the hardy, compact Indian pony.

On the plains of Texas they were known as "mustangs," while under the kindly skies and fed on the nutritious grasses of the far Pacific valleys, they grew to be the bony, loose-jointed, tireless "cayuse" of the coast region.

"Bronco" is a Spanish word, and signifies rough. "Bronco caballo," rough horse.

These wild horses years ago, by capture, became the property of the stockmen who had invaded the region where they roamed free.

These wild horses were inbred with the hardy horse on the backs of which the hunter, trapper, soldier and stockman had been carried into their country, and the result was the bronco of today.

Until he is four or five years old he roams as free-footed and halterless as did his wild ancestors; he is foaled on the boundless prairie; he has a colthood as unrestrained as the antelope that shares his range. Summer and winter he feeds on the sweet grasses, drinks the pure water that comes roaring and murmuring down from the eternal snows of the ice-capped peaks of the Rockies; his tough sinews strengthen and his great lungs distend like a bellows with the draughts of pure air he drinks. He has probably never seen a man on foot in his life.

But a day comes when some cowboy says: "I guess I might as well ride that fellow." Then the young "bronco" finds he is pursued by a band of yelling, rope-throwing cow punchers. He finds his feet inextricably entangled in rope fenders, or the cruel thongs choking him into oblivion.

When he regains his feet he finds strange trappings fastened to him; a yelling, steel-heeled cowboy astride of him; frantic with fright he makes the best fight for freedom he knows how. He rears, he plunges, he pitches, he runs, and he jumps stiff-legged in heroic efforts to dislodge his yelling rider. Sometimes he succeeds, but far oftener the strong hand, firm seat and the iron bit gains the victory.

But the spirited "bronco" fights again and again, if he ever quits depends on his spirit, his temper and the handling he receives. As a rule no friendly glance, no soothing voice, no caressing hand, no sugar-laden palm is extended to the pony of the plains; but in battle royal, with rasping rope, tightening "sninch," cruel bit and wicked spur, his fate is unconditional surrender, or fight to the death.

Thus, in the start every "bronco" is a "bucker," some succumb quickly, some fight for years, have to be broken every time they are saddled, and a few never quit, but fight on to the end.

I have known a horse that had been "buck"ing for years to suddenly, and without apparent cause, cease, become as docile

as a deacon and continue on his good behavior for years, then as suddenly fall into his old tricks and inaugurate an earnest effort to dislodge some rider's backbone. But there is generally an apparent cause for a "bucker's" backsiding. A new rider, new trappings, a strange sight, or any of the hundreds of causes that have been known to stampede staid old family steeds.

To illustrate this, one of Buffalo Bill's cowboys told me the following story of a reformed bucker:

The "Bronco" and the "Cossack."

"One of the 'Cossacks' is riding a dun horse; this horse was once a great bucker, but he quit and for four or five years was considered a well-broken horse. Now the 'Cossacks' are great riders, but what they don't know about 'bronco' busting would make a big book. One of their tricks is to place the shoulder on the horse's neck, grasp some straps on the saddle with their hands, raise their legs and bodies straight up in the air and ride at full speed standing on their shoulders, the horse's neck just in front of the saddle.

"This was something new to the dun horse, and I imagine he made some such comments as this: 'Ah! what have I struck here? I wonder if his whiskers, who does a 'song and dance' and looks like an hour glass thinks that's the way to ride a horse that never did anything to him. Well, I won't do a thing to him now, only kill him, that's all.' We gathered that 'Cossack' up in a corn basket. He was in the hospital three weeks, but he and the dun horse have settled their differences and he is riding him all right now."

Many years ago, during a sojourn as a "tenderfoot" on a Colorado cattle ranch, it was my fate to ride a "bucking bronco" a whole horrible week, while a felon was doing business on one of my fingers. I was compelled to take about ten minutes of tendon tugging, bone-breaking disturbance from that cow pony every morning, and it was "hoss and hoss" which jumped the harder and claimed my closer attention, the "bronco" or the felon.

After he had done his duty in his effort to dislodge me, the pony was all right for the balance of the day, unless something out of the usual happened, but it all had to be done over again the next day. My life was anything but blissful with that felon on hand all night and the knowledge that the "bucker" would be on hand in the morning.

The "bronco" and his bone-breaking pastime is not an equine picture that would inspire the brush of Bonheur, Detaille or Schreyer. Though his efforts to dislodge his rider are indeed royal battles, they are more marked for vigorous action than for picturesque poses. Yet he demonstrates that he is a foeman worthy the steel of the athletic, fearless cowboy who conquers him.

When a bronco out on the ranges of the west, by bad handling becomes thoroughly vicious, has earned the name of the "Colorado Cloud Burst," the "Dakota Demon," the "Montana Man Killer" or some such reassuring title, and there is not a "bronco buster" on the range who will tackle him, and he is not worth two trade dollars to any one, they ship him on to a "wild west" show. There he meets with a welcome and finds a good home, if he kicks about it and bucks against it and eastern people see this outlaw of the range and think they know all about the bronco when they have only seen his vices. He has virtues in abundance.

He is not mentioned in Wallace's "Stud Book," padded palace cars do not wait him



Bronco Prancing.

across continents to receive the plaudits of worshiping millions; no fat purses dangle at the end of a mile or a mile and a quarter dash for him.

If a human life hung a hundred miles away, and Ramapo and a bronco were started on a race to save that life, while Ramapo swiftly covered the first two miles the bronco might be engaged in trying to buck his rider off his back, but at the end of the hundred miles Ramapo would be a quitter far in the rear, or a dead horse, miles and miles behind the tireless bronco. Yet the bronco is as necessary on the great plains of the west as is the air and water. He has borne his full share in the westward march of civilization, but it seems to be his fate to be remembered only for his vices, and those vices are largely the result of man's inhumanity to him.

JOHN HENRY MARTIN.

To a Sad Little Girl.

You say you are ugly, and you are afraid That nobody loves you, sad little maid; For people whisper, with lip a-curl, As you pass by, "What an ugly girl!" Ah, well, my dear, if you mope and fret, Your ugly face will be uglier yet. Let me tell you the secret without delay Of growing beautiful day by day. 'Tis a secret as old as the world is old, But worth in itself a mine of gold: Beauty of soul is beauty of face, For inward sweetness makes outward grace.

Emma C. Dowd, in Harper's Young People.

It was at a good old Methodist revival and the church members were called upon to give the name of something for which they were grateful to God. One man was thankful for his wife and children; another that he was out of debt, and still another that he was favored with good health. At last a feeble old woman stood up and said: "My dear brother, I have just two teeth in my head, but I thank God they hit."

A STREET CAR SHOW.

Big Preparations Being Made for Atlanta's Street Railway Convention.

HUNDREDS OF INTERESTING EXHIBITS

Piedmont Park Will Be in Exposition Garb for the Occasion.

PROGRAMME OF THE BIG CONVENTION

The Proceedings Will Be Wound Up by an Elegant Banquet at the Kimball Hotel. Full Details of the Gathering.

Atlanta will have an extensive exposition of all that is new and novel in street railway appliances next week. And at the same time we will have one of the finest conventions of cool-headed, successful men in the country—the executive heads of the street railways of the country.

The thirteenth annual convention of the street railway men meets here October 17th and will be in session three days. The proceedings of the convention will be of vast interest to the street car men all over

the country, and the gathering of such an important body of men in Atlanta means much for the city.

More than a score of manufacturers of street railway appliances have engaged space for the exposition of their products and the main hall at the exposition grounds will be crowded with all that is new in street cars, street rails and other articles in which street railway men are interested.

A partial list of the companies that have engaged space for exhibits in the main hall is given below. The exhibits will begin to come in by the carload in a few days, and more than hundred carloads are expected in all. The companies are:

Baltimore Car Wheel Company, Baltimore, Md.

Bass Foundry and Machine Company, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Brill, J. G., Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

Brooklyn Car and Veneer Works, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Carr Electric Company, Mansfield, O.

Carswell Steel Company, limited, Atlanta, Ga.

Central Electric Heating Company, New York.

Chapman Valve Manufacturing Company, Indian Orchard, Mass.

Consolidated Car Heating Company, Albany, N. Y.

Crawford, R. A., Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Crescent Engineering Company, Cincinnati, O.

Cutter Electrical Manufacturing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

Davis Car Shade Company, Portland, Me.

D. F. LONGSTREET.

Of Denver, Chairman Executive Committee.

C. J. R. Chapman, second vice president,

Grand Rapids, Mich.; Lewis Perrine, third vice president, Trenton, N. J.

Executive Committee, D. E. Longstreet, Denver, Col.

H. J. McElroy, Indianapolis, Ind.; Ed Whitacre, W. V. Soper, Ottawa, Ont., and E. E. Goodrich, Hartford, Conn.

The Full Programme.

A full and complete programme of the convention is presented below, it being furnished through the kindness of Secretary Richardson.

"Can the T Rail be Satisfactorily Used in Paved Streets?"—Joe Hunt, president Atlanta Consolidated Street Railway, Atlanta, Ga.; S. Hendrie, manager Wyandotte and Detroit River railway, Detroit, Mich.; H. J. Crowley, engineer Atlanta Consolidated Street Railway, Atlanta, Ga.; "City of the Suburbs" Electric Railways; E. C. Foster, superintendent Lynn and Boston railroad, Boston, Mass.

"Mail Express and Freight Service on Street Railways"—R. McCulloch, electrical engineer Atlanta street railway, Atlanta, Ga.

"Best Method of Treating Accidents and Complaints"—John B. Parsons, general manager West Chicago Street Railway Company, Chicago.

"Street Car Wheels and Axles"—D. S. Conly, electrical engineer Atlanta Street Passenger Railway Company, Trenton, N. J.

"Transfer and Computation"—Rodney Curtis, president Denver Tramway Company, Denver, Colo.

"T Rail Construction of the Terre Haute Street Railway Company, Terre Haute, Ind."—M. F. Burke, superintendent Terre Haute, Ind.

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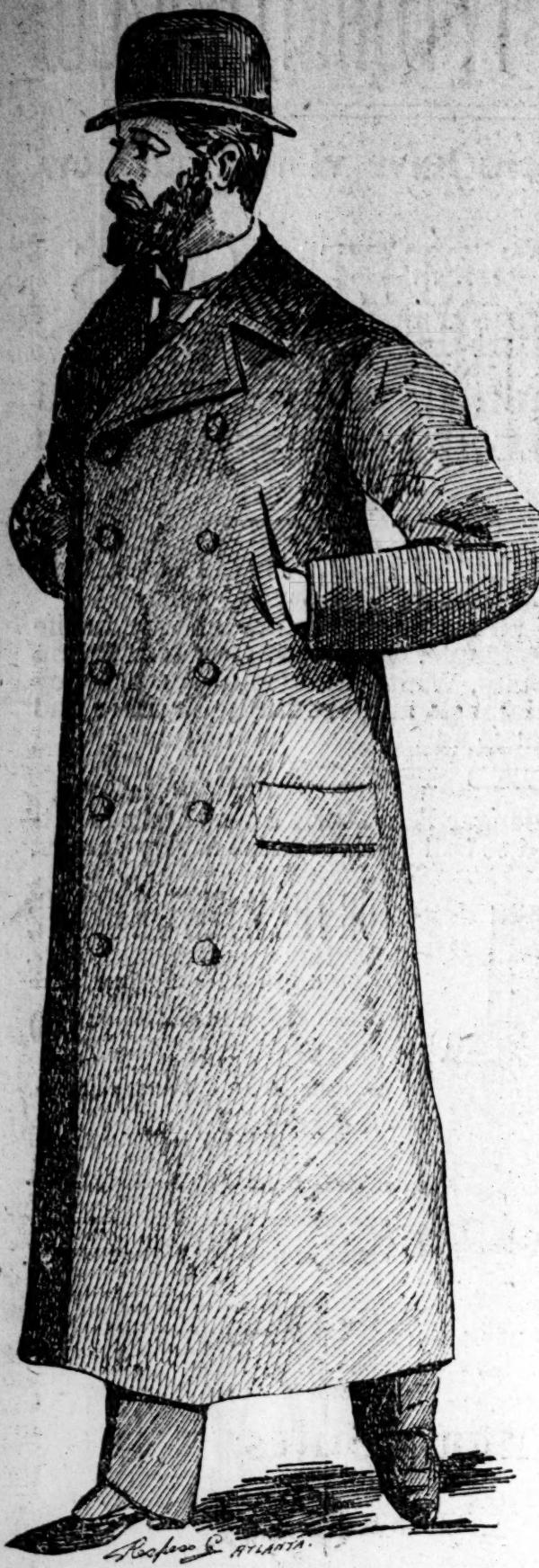
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NO GRASS GROWING UNDER OUR FEET.

THE VASTNESS OF OUR TRANSACTIONS IN DEPRESSED TIMES.

THE LARGENESS OF THE STOCKS ARRIVING DAILY

The Sharp Lookout in Minding Our Own Affairs
Side of the Business.

UNDAUNTED ENTERPRISE, COURAGE, DISCERNMENT, DECISIVENESS,
ARE STARTLING TO THE SLEEPERS.

OUR FIRST FALL GUN IS FIRED

HERE'S THE EFFECT IN DETAIL:

A STORM OVERCOAT

COMMONLY CALLED ULSTERS.
(AS PER CUT.)

Used by People of Discretion!

FOR OUTDOOR ROUGH WEATHER.

THE VERY COAT FOR ANYBODY

THE VALUE \$10,

OUR PRICE \$4.98 OUR PRICE



SIX SHADeS AND PATTeRNS

IN MEN'S

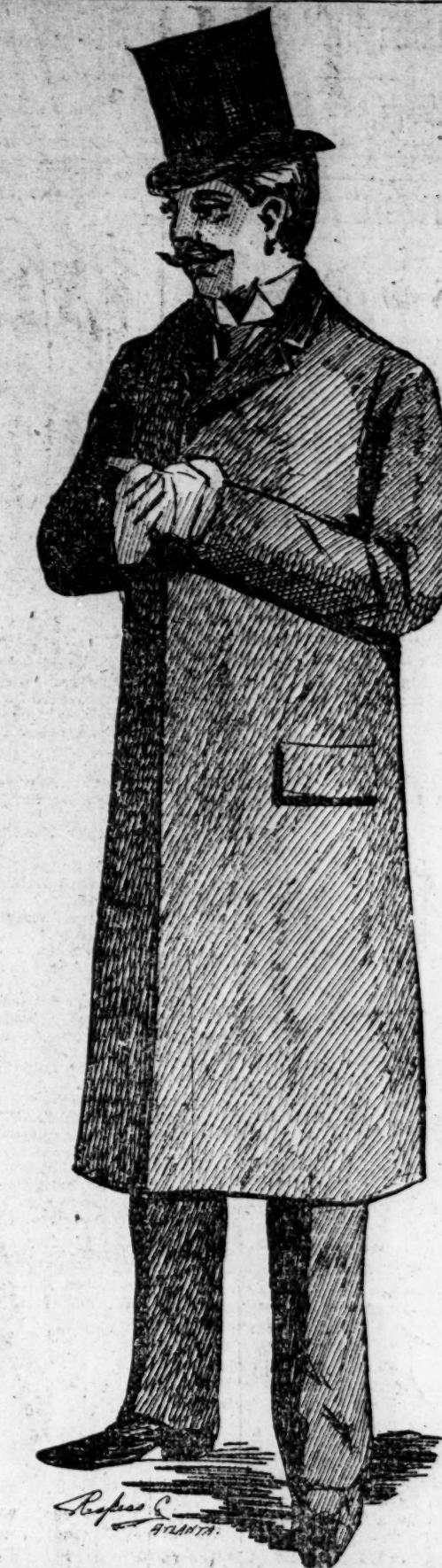
Fall and Winter Overcoats!

COMPRISING 976 GARMENTS.

VALUED AT \$10, \$12 AND \$15,

YOUR CHOICE OVERCOAT

This Lot At \$4.98 This Lot At



Men's black Cheviot Suits, guaranteed to wear and hold color to the last thread, always looks well, and is nicely trimmed; Sack or Cutaway, at.....



5.00

A Man's Suit, made of all-wool material, thoroughly well made and finished, in all the newest patterns and colors; none can beat us on this suit at.....



6.89

Men's single and double breasted Sawyer Cassimeres, as solid as a rock to wear, in single breasted round cornered sacks, Farmer satin lined, at.....



7.89

Men's single or double breasted Cassimere Sack Suits, made up in the most workmanship manner. It's a regular hummer, also black worsted suits, at.....



8.50

Men's Sack Suits in silk-mixed cassimeres, such as you never pay less than \$18.00 for, with the best of trimming and finishing, will go out at.....



8.89

Men's Fall Overcoats, silk sleeve linings, positively equal to Overcoats you pay \$20.00 for, thoroughly well made, go now at.....



8.89

Men's Prince Albert clay worsted Suits, a very nobby Suit, worth \$18.00, and will give elegant service, a suit that looks well, wears well, for



12.50

SAMPLES SENT TO ANY ADDRESS.



3 ITEMS FROM OUR SHOE DEPARTMENT

A genuine Australian calf, cork sole, men's Bal or Cong Shoe, correct value \$3.50, our price \$1.98.

124 pairs ladies' Velvet House Slippers, regular value \$1.50, our price 98c.

Ladies' Common Sense or Opera Toe Dongola Button, regular price \$2.00, our price \$1.48.

Any style Shoe desired can be found in our immense Shoe Department.

WE ARE RECKLESS SELLERS and most prudent buyers. The public shall reap the benefit. We place our ability at your disposal.

38 dozen child's and boys' Yacht Caps, the 50c kind at 15c. Did you see any of that 52 dozen lot we sold before at 15c? Well, they weren't in it. A little lot, possibly 298, Caps for men. We sell 'em at 9c each; they are only worth 25c.

Boys, it will be chilly next week. Tell your ma to see those \$1.48 Overcoats we are selling; they are worth \$4.00, some only \$3.00, but \$1.48 for choice.

Men's Underwear—Hello, I need some! What, 48c suit? Two pieces, 1 shirt, 1 pair drawers, for 48c! and worth 75c, too? Well, I ain't surprised, it's The Globe's offer.

The Canton Flannel Drawers we offer at 38c are only good 50c value, but they are made up so well. Try a few pairs.

The Men's Pants that we sell at 59c is an unlimited supply, not two days only, but as long as 697 pairs last at 59c. Knowing ones bought a few pairs from us—said they were worth \$1.50.

Good Gloves, serviceable gloves, gloves for dress or business, gloves for motormen, hack drivers, truckmen. No use stating price, that's absolutely correct. But we have got one extraordinary value at 59c—it's a dollar glove, it's an all-round glove, it's great at 59c.

Our Neckwear buyer's greatest hobby is buying this line correct. He takes the prize for his fall purchases. The cream of Waterhouse & Auerbach's novelties blended into a brilliant array of the kind you like, and 48c for choice—some Tecks, some Four-in-Hands. The truth of the matter is, a dollar's worth for 48c.

MEN'S FALL OVERCOATS, in Cheviots, made up as well, wear as well, looks as well as any \$18.00 Coat you ever saw. We will sell them for.....

6.98



THE BEST ENGLISH MELTON OVERCOATS, with lap seams, raw edge, a nice absolutely new style, Auburn make, double and single breasted, at.....

7.89



THREE SHADES CHILDREN'S SUITS, ages 4 to 14, new style, good quality, usually sold for \$2.50; big special sale price at.....

1.48



TWO SHADES CHILDREN'S SUITS, ages 4 to 14, dark effects, usually sold for \$3.50, big special sale price.....

1.98



FOUR SHADES BOYS' ALL-WOOL SUITS, made well and will wear well, usually sold for \$4.50, big special sale price.....

2.49



200 BOYS' SUITS, ages from 4 to 18 years, long pants, heavy woolen goods, dark effects, usually sold for \$8.00, big special sale price.....

3.97



150 Assorted Double-breasted and Single-breasted Worsted Suits, dark effects, in plaid, stripes and solid colors, usually sold for \$15.00, big special sale price.....

5.00



SAMPLES SENT TO ANY ADDRESS.



WE CLOSE WEDNESDAY ON ACCOUNT OF HOLIDAY.



A LITTLE HAT TALK:

THE "GLOBE" DERBY, the \$2.00 kind, at 98c; black or brown.

THE "GLOBE" ALPINE, the \$2.00 kind, at 98c; black or brown.

HATS at \$1.48, \$1.98; some higher.

SILK HATS at \$3.98.

A FULL LINE OF STETSON HATS.

In fact, we are Atlanta's leading Hatters. This department is presided over by S. Bernard, formerly the representative of the largest manufacturers on this continent.

PART 2. THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION. 131024

TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.

VOL. XXVII.

ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 7, 1894.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Columns of Bargains! KEELY COMPANY Columns of Bargains! Greatest Offerings Yet Made!

Indigo Prints, made to sell at 7c—the best in quality and style we ever had at 7c. It's a triumph to sell it at... 5c

Calico in beautiful Autumn styles and colorings, standard brands and widths; worth 6c, our price. 5c

Four cases Ginghams, fresh from the Yankee makers, and they are better both in weave and finish than in any other season 5c

Dress Goods.

A dazzling and bewildering aggregation. The bright sheen of silk and the duller lustre of wool enrich their serrated ranks. Myriad weaves, designs and colors that are indescribable. The pride of the store. A peerless stock that inspires widespread admiration. Commonplace descriptions and mechanical tabulations are incapable of doing justice to the radiant styles. Language fails! However, cold figures may be impressive.

Wool Taffeta Suitings, 38 inches wide, block and dice armure effects, also swivel and brocade designs, all the autumn colors, worth 30c; our price. 19c

Wool Diagonal Suitings, 38 inches wide, well adapted for a dress that's to be worn shopping, driving or traveling, the price was meant to be 35c; it is... 23c

We show forty-six colors and fraction of colors. They were never in brisker demand for Tailor-made Gowns, Wraps, Habits and Children's Dresses and Cloaks. . . .

Here's a veritable trade miracle. The Dress Goods sensation of the season. These are center counter special bargains that will magnetize the Monday morning masses. Don't miss the chance:

Scotch Tweeds, Illuminated Mohair Suitings, Changeable Diagonals, Camel's-hair Melanges, Crepes, Boucle, Twill and Two-toned Novelties, 42 inches. All-wool Flannels in nine colors, Bourette, Plaids, Berkshire Checks, French Stripes, Oxford Homespins and a half score other styles. Worth up to 75c the yard; our price..... 39c

Think of the variety! think of the qualities! think of the price! Then visit the store; that's all we ask.

Devonshire Cheviot Suiting, 54 honest inches wide—yard and a half from edge to edge. Roughish invisible check pattern in six colorings, worth 75c; our price.... 49c

It's terrific, fearful, unprecedented sacrifice. But we do such things for the glory to be got.

Serges and Cashmeres criss-crossed into every possible plaid pattern. The soft grounds are checkered and streaked like a primrose painted pasture. 50c

Jacquard Suiting, Bengalines, Silk-and-wool Melanges, Cheviot weaves with silk seed-dot, sprinklings, Shark Skin Cloth and Amures, worth up to \$1.00; at. 50c

Duschesse Homespin, 46 inches wide and Checked Cheviot, beautiful styles and surprisingly fine qualities, the tints of autumn leaves, worth \$1.00; at. 65c

Ladies' Cloth, 54 inches wide, made in this country, weave and finish equal to the choicest foreign stuff. Free wool figures in the price, so does the shadow of overseas competition, eleven shades 75c

Here are high-rolling billowy of European Fabrics—rich novelties. Waves of weaves surging over a great circle of center counters. Many of the following are not to be found elsewhere:

Silk-and-wool Brocades and Jaccards, Crepon, Parisien, Boucle and Homespins, Granite Cloths, Heather Mixtures, Bannockburns, French Cheviots, Mohair Figured Armures, Irish Friezes, Serge-Melange, Zebeline Suitings and London Tailor Checks. Worth up to \$1.50; our price. 98c

If you fail to see this unparalleled collection before buying it will be the regret of your Dress Goods purchasing experience.

Covert Cloths.

Our assortment is affirmed to be beyond comparison when measured by any other Atlanta stock. Master-makers of the most famous French, English and German loom artists. They are the favorites with many for rich, neat, quiet dressing. That's why we strained every facility to secure the superior stock of the period. How well we succeeded is indicated by the following suggestion:

One grade..... 39c worth 60c
One grade..... 50c worth 75c
One grade..... 98c worth \$1.25
One grade..... \$1.25 worth \$1.05
One grade..... \$1.50 worth \$2.00

A brilliant range of color mixes, including the two-toned effects and the faintly splashed and figured designs that are fascinating to so many. Hard and soft twisted in wool and silk-and-wool.

Broadcloths.

They are still firmly entrenched in popular favor. Seems that no other stuff will take their place for certain uses. The present display is in every respect the most interesting offering we ever made. Every piece is exclusive and elegant—

One grade..... 90c worth \$1.25
One grade..... \$1.25 worth \$1.50
One grade..... \$1.50 worth \$1.75
One grade..... \$1.75 worth \$2.25
One grade..... \$2.00 worth \$2.50

Angora Double-width Dress Goods, stripes, plaids and all sorts of pretty color combinations 12c

Dress Silks.

The Silk store is as brilliant and busy as was last year's Midway Plaisance. It fairly thrills with activity. Nearly every saunterer through the aisle tarries a while to see and feel the Silks that shimmer atop the counters. The present goods are half of last year's prices, but they are beautiful, new and incomparable patterns, styles and colorings.

Big money to be saved here this week:

Plain Surahs, smooth and regular weave, light, medium and dark colors, worth 50c; our price only..... 35c

Illuminated Satin de Chene, a later-comer and very rich; we have them in all the seasonable shades, worth 60c; at. 39c

Glace Silks, tinted grounds with a keen iridescent glow, cut by blending color lines into checks and stripes 49c

Figured Peau d' Soie, genuine Persian colors, peculiarly brocaded in broche designs, worth 85c; our price..... 67c

Unbleached Canton Flannel, strong, firm back, good heavy fleeces. Just right for cold, snappy weather, worth 7c; our price..... 75c

Sea Island, clean cotton, made by one of the leading mills of America. A brand that would be counted low at 7c; our price..... 44c

Fancy Taffetas, satin figures and hair-line stripes printed color on color, worth \$1.25; our price..... 85c

Exquisite Taffeta Silk, four-toned effects, with sprays and flowers and cluster stripes, worth \$1.35; at. 98c

Brown Sheeting, fine fibre, evenly spun, evenly woven. With a little washing it will be practically a bleached muslin. 43c

Bleached Domestic, feel it, put a glass on it, test it in any way—hard, round thread and snugly woven, 36 inches wide. 50c

Black Goods.

How little the mere list suggests. See the goods, there's inspiration in every yard of them. Prices are as remarkably little as qualities are exceptionally fine. Almost any of them would have been fifty per cent higher last year. Some of the varieties in All-wool:

Henrietta, Crepon, Cashmere, Merino, Melrose, Drap d'Alma, Camel's-hair, Cheviot, Hopsack, Velour,

These are staples in Silk-and-Wool. But there's a labyrinth of fancy weaves—small, neat designs worked in the face of the fabrics as daintily as a sunbeam kisses the petals of a rose.

Eudora, Crepon, Crystalllette, Melrose, Armures, Clairette, Lansdown, Tamise, Crepe Cloth, Crepe Japon, Plushelle, Novelties.

A pure, clear north light flooding every corner of the department. Dozens of attractive styles at 40c, 50c, 65c, 75c; 85c and \$1.

Don't Forget!

That's a useless headline, for we don't intend to let any one forget that we are out for the Silk trade of the town. Our best endeavors, energies and enterprise are bent for that purpose. Come tomorrow and see how we are succeeding.

Wraps.

A model department. The entire space has an air of dazzling brilliancy. Hundreds of Capes, Jackets and Wraps of bewildering richness greet the glance. Pause by the heavily laden racks. Look along the lines. Paris, Berlin, Vienna and New York wit and talent shine there delightfully.

EISEMAN & WEIL.

Atlanta's Policemen Saved

Money on their Winter Uniforms by buying from us. You can do the same. Just give us a chance. We daily fit and please mechanics, mechanics, doctors, lawyers, farmers, bankers, preachers, teachers, rich men, poor men, fat men, lean men, short men, tall men—all kinds of men.

43 WHITEHALL ST.

SEE THE GRAND SWEEPING BARGAINS PLACED ON SALE MONDAY AT SIMON & FROHSIN,

43 WHITEHALL ST.

A rare chance to save money by taking advantage of our sale of 200 dozen LADIES' RIBBED WOOL VESTS, PANTS AND UNION SUITS, clean, perfect garments, samples of the largest manufacturer of these goods, at less than half price.

Ladies' Wool Vests and Pants

AT 49c, AT 69c,

Regular Price 75c and \$1.00. Regular Price \$1.25 to \$1.75.

Ladies' Wool Union Suits,

AT 65c, AT 98c,

Worth \$1.50 to \$1.75.

Children's Union Suits, ALL SIZES,

AT 45c, AT 65c,

Worth \$1 and \$1.25.

Ladies' heavy ribbed cotton Vests at 15c.

Ladies' combed Egyptian yarn Vest and Pants, silk trimmed and fleece lined, the kind which sells everywhere at 50c; our price 25c.

Men's Underwear.

Ribbed Merino Shirts or Drawers worth 50c, at 25c.

Natural wool Shirts and Drawers worth 6c, at 45c.

All wool camel's hair or meditated scarlet Shirts and Drawers worth \$1.25, at 75c.

AT AUCTION.

5th Grand Combination Sale of Standard Bred Trotting Horses, Saddlers and Drivers, at the Brady-Miller Feed and Sale Stables, Atlanta, Ga., October 9th, 10th and 11th.

HOYT'S.

Genuine French Sardines..... 10c

American Sardines..... 15c

Canned Pineapples..... 10c

Fresh Milk Biscuits, per pound..... 10c

Nadavene Finkes, per package..... 10c

French Prunes, per pound..... 10c

Gold Penicile Patent Flour..... 10c

Archie's Coffee..... 25c

Best Mocha and Java Coffee, 3lb. for..... 1.00

8 bars Polo Soap..... 25c

14 bars Tip Top Soap..... 25c

New Evaporated Apples, per pound..... 15c

New Evaporated Apricots, per pound..... 25c

Sugar Cured Ham..... 34c

Pentzina Milk, per can..... 12c

Hong Kong Tea, per pound..... 30c

Everything cheap and of the very best quality.

W. R. HOYT,
90 Whitehall.
Phone, 451.

GO TO 63 PEACHTREE STREET.

Children's Cloaks and Headwear.

In this department we are showing the latest novelties at lower prices than you are used to paying for these goods elsewhere.

A few special leaders are:

Infants' silk embroidered Cashmere Cloaks at 98c.

Children's Cloaks, sizes 2 to 5 years, with Angora fur trimming, at \$1.00.

Children's all wool Eiderdown Cloaks, all colors and cream at \$1.49.

Children's silk embroidered Caps at 25c.

The best values you ever saw in white and colored silk Caps from 50c to \$2.00.

Large assortment samples of girls' and boys' cloth Caps and Hats at half value.

Ladies' Skirts.

Ladies' Knitted Skirts, all colors, at 40c.

All wool Knitted Skirts at \$1.00.

Lined fast black Sateen Skirts, with ruffles, 75c.

Black Mohair Skirts lined with gauntlets, a 35c glove, at 20c. 1 fannel, \$1.98.

YOUR PARTICULAR PEOPLE!



Piles and Fistula.

Treated by Dr. Tucker. Cure guaranteed. No knife used. No confinement. Terms within the reach of all. Consultation free. 15 North Broad street, Atlanta, Ga.

GO TO 63 PEACHTREE STREET.

DR. D. F. THOMPSON Specialist,

5½ WHITEHALL STREET,

Cures Catarrh of the Head, Nose, Ears,

Throat, Mouth, Heart, Liver, Uterus

and Bladder; Ulcerations, Blood and skin

and Nervous Diseases. Medicine furnished.

Hours, 9 to 3, Sundays 9 to 12:30. Consultation free.

You may be hard to please in Clothing. That is the kind of customers we want. We take pains to satisfy them. We know they are a good advertisement for us, for they invariably tell others of our happy way of doing things. We are trying to build up a business by catering to just this class of particular, well-dressed men, who will be stylishly clothed, but who won't pay three prices to the tailor.

GEO. MUSE CLOTHING CO.,

38 WHITEHALL.

ADDRESS:
TALK:
dark or brown.
dark or brown.
department is pre-
tive of the largest

</

that this republic has always
kept during the war between
the confederacy and the union.

Let us consider how much more
there would be if the cotton pro-
duced were not so international.

There would be no office
of the people, and no government
has said or done something to
protect the land owners

destroying British control over
the country through the law protecting
producers who are now more
manufacturing for agricultural
purposes. This brings 5 cents a pound
and a cent a pound more in mar-
ket value.

Is there not one southern
power that will afford the enough
protection to the foreign
market? Germany is to the produc-
tion of best sugar by an export duty.

A proposal proposed for the
states and you know what it
was made for there, and this comes
to us as our southern power
progress than the existence or
abolition of slavery.

If we succeed we could even
give her free coal in exchange

for the cotton, and that duty

people would be made, for their rea-
son increased in the production of

As the negroes the pri-
vate in the culture of cotton and
now to raise any other
our former enemies do not

to his ignorance in the next
wards as they have been in the past

if the people of the east knew

when the people of the south

any election which would be eager

interests of all the negroes and
people of the south. It

that was considered

ignorance of the true conditions

care little about the political parties

but less for the
the old white party, when this

a plan that would suggest some

control from this conti-

which was later decided in the

after \$75,000 had been col-

lected which all the money

FRANCIS FONTAINE.

PEACHTREE STREET.

superior court was engaged on

on Saturay in the trial of the

vs. Pitton et al.

This was a

day praying specific performance.

Mr. T. Dorsey represented

the plaintiff with great

ability, and his argument

and jury was a masterly effort.

the first case that Mr. Dorsey has

and he has been receiving

concerns of the court members of the

the present case. Mr. Dorsey

for his future

profession, and he has certainly

surprised the fact that he is the

of a most worthy sire.

PEACHTREE STREET.

A. L. Fowler, of the Constitu-

tion, where he has been for

days. The New York Dramatic

him a very complimentary

GO PEACHTREE STREET.

immediately, three ladies who

and play mandolin guitar

for dramatic company. Address

J. W. H. 31 Ivy street, Al-

GO PEACHTREE STREET.

session.

In authorizing the recount the members of

the city executive committee said:

"We, the undersigned members of the city executive committee, hereby order

the ballots cast in the second ward on

October 3d for Messrs. Sims and Mayes to

be recounted at the same time the vote

is counted for Messrs. Goldsmith and

Arnold. A. L. Fowler,"

Mr. McDaniel's Request.

During the day Mr. Henry McDaniel, who

made the race for city engineer, filed a formal notice of protest with Captain Ellis.

In his letter Mr. McDaniel does not

test the election, but asks that the vote in

the second ward be counted over.

The letter reads for its read for the meeting of

the committee:

City Executive Committee.

"A meeting of the city executive committee

for Monday night in the coun-

chamber, 730 o'clock, will be

held to consider and a full

attendance of members is requested. Re-

spectfully,

W. D. ELLIS."

In the Fourth.

In the fourth ward there was a great

deal of speculation as to whether Captain Miller would carry that ward.

It was said that the results were laid

that he could not and now Mr. W. D.

Smith who opposed Mr. Miller, comes up

with a request for a recount in that ward.

Mr. Smith says:

"Atlanta, Ga., October 6, 1894.—Captain

W. D. Ellis, (Special)—

John Lightner, who dashes out soap at Charley Green's barroom, dashed out so

much on Friday night that he got soap on

the brain and dreamed about soap. He

dreamed about soap to him: "Have some

and still in his dream at 4 o'clock this morning he got up to get the soap but stepped out the window to the brick

pavement beneath and was seriously in-
jured.

From its strength as a drama of

contemporary life may be seen in the

an elaborate and picturesque

production of more than ordinary magni-

tude. All of the scenery used in

the few recent American comedies worthy

of more than passing mention. It exploits

a new field and gives to the stage a new

character and one that has

not been tried before.

Mr. Beale's

is also given a prominent place.

These entertainments are designed for the

benefit of the members, who are admitted

free, but the public, at a very small cost,

is also given a prominent place.

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THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION.

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For The Daily Constitution, or 50 cents per calendar month. Sixteen cents per week for The Daily and Sunday Constitution, or 60 cents per calendar month; delivery to any address by carrier in the city of Atlanta. Send in your name at once.

Do not pay the carriers. We have regular collectors.

24 PAGES.

ATLANTA, GA., October 7, 1894.

The Vote of the State.

It will be impossible to obtain the announcement of the official result of last Wednesday's election until Monday, the 16th instant, on which day the returns now being received, according to law, by the secretary of state, will be opened in the presence of the governor.

Already the returns from most of the counties of the state have been received at the capitol and by tomorrow it is probable that the returns from every county will be in. They are sealed and cannot be opened until so directed by the governor. After a conference with the secretary of state October 15th has been agreed upon as the day for the canvass of the returns, and until then the state will be in darkness of the result, except in so far as it has been announced by The Constitution.

The election occurred on Wednesday. The Constitution of Thursday morning contained a report from every county in the state, obtained under the most adverse circumstances and collected by more than one thousand special messengers. The returns from every county were consolidated in the respective county seats and were immediately forwarded by telegraph to The Constitution. In many counties, the returns had to be taken from ten to thirty miles through the country on horseback to the nearest telegraph station, and our correspondent at St. Marys, after collecting the returns from Camden county, carried them by boat up the St. Marys river to Fernandina sound, and thence to Fernandina, Fla.—a distance of twenty miles covered at midnight.

Through the activity of our correspondents in every county, The Constitution was enabled to present the morning after the election the unofficial consolidated returns from every county in the state, and we announced on Thursday morning that Mr. Atkinson's majority would be 30,000. Since then our correspondents in almost every county have verified the official consolidations of their respective counties, and we find that our reports as published Thursday morning are substantially correct. In most of the counties the reports of our correspondents, sent after the official consolidation, verify the unofficial returns telegraphed on Wednesday night.

Thus it will be seen that the official canvass, to take place on the 15th instant, will show that the official vote of the state will not vary much from 30,000 and that The Constitution has done what no other paper in Georgia has ever attempted to do—covered again, on the night of the election, news reports from every county in the state and presented to its readers with approximate exactness the official result of the vote of the state.

Long Life to Johnny Lowlow.

Not very long ago we indulged in some reminiscences of the old-fashioned circus clown, deplored his disappearance, and inquiring why it is that the enterprising capitalists who are at the head of the new monster aggregations—to borrow from their picturesque vocabulary—cannot make room in their vast amphitheater for the old-time clowns.

Incidentally we referred to Johnny Lowlow, the last and best of his kind, and took occasion to lay the flowers of memory on his tomb, paying a feeble tribute to his genius as a humorist and a moralist. But it seems that Mr. Lowlow is very much alive, in token whereof we print in another place a letter written in his own hand, in which he announces that he is well and hearty, still ambitious of renewing the pleasure he gave to thousands when he was the principal attraction of old John Robinson's circus, and taking a just and seemly pride in the passing tribute which The Constitution paid to his remarkable gifts of humor.

Several years ago the word went forth that Johnny Lowlow had been seized with fever in one of the towns of southern or southwest Georgia. Then came the news that he had passed away. This news seemed to be confirmed by the fact that he appeared in the ring no more. The show that he had traveled with folded its tents and disappeared, and finally old Uncle John Robinson himself went over to the majority.

Thus it was that the friends and admirers of Mr. Lowlow came to regard his name as a pleasant memory. But

they will join with The Constitution in expressing gratification that their old favorite is still alive and happy, and in the very prime of life. We are sure he deserves all the happiness and good fortune that may fall to his share. In his way he has done more for the world in life day and time than some men whose fame is greater. He has chased dull care from many a wrinkled brow. He has made old people laugh, and has given unalloyed happiness to thousands of children who are now grown men and women.

Long life to Johnny Lowlow, and may the day soon come when those who are now youngsters can get a whiff of his humor and hear him cry out: "Bring me another hoss!"

Preserve the Purity of the Ballot!

We observe that in some of the counties of the state there is a tendency to throw out, on technicalities, the votes of even precincts to reverse the result in such counties.

As a democratic newspaper, devoted to the democratic party and with a lively faith in the potency of democratic principles, The Constitution calls a halt in the counting out process! Legal votes that are cast should be counted. A manager, whether populist, republican or democratic, who refuses to sign returns, or who signs them improperly, because a majority of the votes is against his party, commits an outrage for which the whole organization becomes directly answerable to the people.

An Export Duty on Cotton.

We print in another column a very interesting communication from Mr. Francis Fontaine, in which he suggests and advocates an export duty on cotton as at least a partial remedy for the evils that have grown out of the dislocation of our currency system.

Mr. Fontaine calls attention to the fact that the statesmen who framed the confederate constitution provided in that instrument for an export duty on cotton, and it is indeed significant that the potency of such a duty should have received a recognition so conspicuous.

Mr. Fontaine's suggestion is certainly worthy of attention, and we hope to see it discussed. It is a law of economics that the consumers pay the tax. In this instance, the question arises whether the export duty would come out of the pockets of the European consumers, or whether it would be subcontracted from the price, which is practically made by England.

We believe that the true remedy for the low price of cotton and other products of labor is the restoration of our currency system to its normal condition, and this can only be accomplished by repealing the republican act of demonetization; but Mr. Fontaine's suggestion opens up another subject of discussion.

heritance even when the heir gains his heritance by committing murder.

For ways that are dark and tricks that are vain, some of our courts are rather peculiar. The two cases here described have been decided against the plain rules of common sense and common law.

Atlanta's Next Administration.

The people generally seem to be very well satisfied with the ticket nominated in the recent city primary.

From the mayor down it is a good ticket. The nominees are men of ability and integrity and they are thoroughly identified with our interests, and may be expected to pull for Atlanta all the time.

While this is true, it is also true that a number of good men were defeated. This is the fortune of politics, and it is something that cannot be avoided. Some of our best and most popular citizens failed to secure enough votes to nominate them, but Atlanta is proud of them all the same, and confidently counts upon their public spirited efforts to advance the welfare of the city.

Next year will be one of the most important periods in our history, and it is gratifying to know that our municipal affairs will be under the control of men who will give us a first-class administration, progressive, economical and safe, and in every way worthy of our exposition year.

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A Remarkable Showing.

According to the facts and figures presented by Mr. J. K. Upton in a recent article in Harper's Weekly, the south is undoubtedly the most prosperous and progressive region of the republic.

Mr. Upton takes the eleven old confederate states, and in the following two tables shows the assessed value of property in 1870 and 1890:

ASSESSED VALUATION OF REAL ESTATE TAXED.

State	1870	1890
Virginia*	\$38,511,641	1,241,746,008
North Carolina	142,063,932	66,665,609
South Carolina	90,042,723	55,585,742
Georgia	225,064,915	116,158,572
Tennessee	154,708,484	93,778,434
Alabama	117,004,402	94,622,765
Mississippi	158,974,875	133,074,700
Arkansas	292,378,811	178,428,300
Total	109,417,158	50,841,881

*Includes West Virginia.

ASSESSED VALUATION OF PERSONAL PROPERTY TAXED.

State	1870	1870
Virginia*	\$38,705,233	\$105,149,919
North Carolina	63,000,000	66,665,609
South Carolina	78,218,946	51,324,330
Georgia	190,774,039	66,617,048
Tennessee	31,165,137	9,926,625
Alabama	141,000,000	50,000,000
Mississippi	49,767,877	47,200,000
Louisiana	74,706,906	49,622,811
Arkansas	26,000,000	24,000,000
Total	\$1,243,046,448	\$499,060,246

These are remarkable figures. In twenty years the taxable value of real estate in these eleven southern states has increased \$1,027,000,000, or 82 per cent, while in the same period the personal property has increased to the extent of \$753,000,000, or 154 per cent.

These two tables show that the increase of our taxable property between 1870 and 1890 amounts to \$1,780,000,000, and when we consider the fact that the south lost \$1,400,000,000 worth of property by the war, and that this amount had been made good by 1870, it must be apparent to everybody that this section is making a phenomenal record in the matter of recuperation and progress.

The south is the land of promise, and will prove a deep sorrow to her large circle of friends, who have been drawn close to her by her many noble qualities and her womanly attributes.

•

Too Much Government.

In New York the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has decided that nobody shall be allowed to keep a cat without taking out a license.

The World enters a mild protest against this sort of business. It says:

If this is the law, where is amateur government and philanthropic boozes to end?

It is an American citizen cannot keep a cat without asking permission of the government and of the societies which volunteer to do all the governing the government leaves undone, what is there, that he can keep a cat without asking a sort of special officer nothing around his house?

It is time to draw the line somewhere to make a stand somewhere and the place to make it is at asking permission to keep a cat.

Ask government permission to keep a cat? When? Never! We are bossed too much!

During recent years there has been a tendency in large northern and western cities to permit various societies and committees to take an active hand in governing the people. The authorities of New York city ought to be able to formulate and enforce all needful regulations in regard to dogs and cats, the prevention of cruelty to children, the exposure of immoral pictures, the sale of obscene literature and the maintenance of certain dens of vice. A few

so-called reformers should not be allowed to control these matters, employ private detectives and dominate the city government.

Instead of submitting to the rule of these cranks, the people of New York should arrest and prosecute them for disorderly conduct and conspiracy. What will become of the boasted liberty of the average American citizen when he cannot even keep an ordinary house cat without taking out a license?

Our Foreign Trade.

A Baltimore merchant who has been pushing his trade in the Spanish-American countries is quoted as saying:

"If our manufacturers had a little of the eager Latin impulse for intercourse between this country and South and Central America, we should rapidly develop an extensive export trade. I am not sure that any man's horizon is about that of his hat brim. He suffers from the overproduction and competition and wants more consumers, but falters at the seaboard, although 50,000,000 of the Latin races and an affluent purchasing power await his service. The Central and South American market is a great market, and even six months of delay on our part is a loss of five years in favor of Teutonic incursions in commerce. I am really ashamed of my own countrymen, who are capable of an export trade, but who fail to grasp the opportunity."

The Baltimore is on the right line. Our trade with South and Central America has languished because our manufacturers, under the policy of protection, have preferred the home market. Under a low tariff they could easily compete successfully with the Europeans in the countries south of us, and now that we have got rid of McKinleyism it is safe to say that we shall gain millions of new customers in Mexico, Central America and South America.

The Cotton States and International exposition is based upon this idea of extending our trade in these long neglected markets, and if we can get the co-operation of our producers and manufacturers in the north and west, as well as in the south, it goes without saying that a great deal can be accomplished in this direction. We have made a good beginning by securing a lower tariff, and a further reduction of duties by the next congress will give a great impetus to our foreign trade. It is folly to sit down and complain of overproduction when 50,000,000 people almost at our doors are ready to consume everything that we produce.

Oh, good gracious! Mr. Seifert's paper says The Constitution has been calling the "sound" money editors goldbug bushwhackers. Mr. Seifert's paper seems to be getting very weakly in its upper story.

Did it ever occur to the Georgia goldbugs that both Lester and Lawson voted for the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1? They cast their votes for it on the 29th of August, 1893.

The storm-center is now over St. Louis.

It is thought that the "western man" is hid out in that vicinity. Maybe, but his skates will hurt his feet before he has need of them.

Some of the newspapers fail to take kindly to our suggestion of Hill and Bryan. But we are accommodating! How is this? Bryan and Thurman. Platform: The free and unlimited coinage of gold and silver.

Both democrats and populists should insist on a fair and honest method.

If the anti-snappers and cuckoos of New York insist on nominating an independent ticket, Mr. Hill should come down and let them take the responsibility of the campaign.

•

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

Mr. Frank L. Stanton's new volume of poems, "Songs of the South," will be issued by the Appraisers of New York, in course of a few days. It will be a beautiful book and it embraces Mr. Stanton's best and latest productions, with the old favorites, it goes without saying, that it will be very popular and will have a large sale. The book will be copyrighted in England, where our Georgia poet's songs are well known and his extended course in the leading periodicals and newspapers. A large edition will be sold in this country: in a few weeks, and a second one is sure to be called for long before the Christmas holidays. It will be one of the most attractive publications which will give an idea of Mr. Stanton's style. The first is from "A Bingley of Old."

•

GEORGIA.

Don't give in to trifles. The man who missed it for the legislature may yet come within ten miles of congress.

Our last representative has failed to explain his attitude on the money question. But we have no doubt of it, as he ran off with the funds.

We were elected co-operators by only a slim majority, but we sat on three dead niggers and a railroad wreck before nightfall.

"Possum" doesn't rise to "persimmon"; but somehow or other they get along mighty well together.

The Georgia potato banks are open for business, and there is a cool draught on them.

</div

LOOMING UP.

Attractions Piling Up for the Cotton States Exposition.

GOOD WORK IN SOUTH AMERICA

An Exhibit from the Congo Free State, Which Will Be of Vast Interest to the Colored People.

The Cotton States and International exposition is filling out to the full proportion of its name.

Not only will the South American states be fully represented, but the dark continent itself will be here.

President Collier was full of business yesterday. One important matter which he closed up will have a vast influence upon the exhibits from South America, and that is the engagement of Mr. W. F. Tisdell to work up exhibits from that continent.

Mr. Tisdell is a man of remarkable adaptability for the place. He is the general agent in New York of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. For two years he represented the late world's fair in the South American republics, and it is owing to his influence that so large a display was made there. The interests of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company are wrapped up in increased intercourse between the continents, and the engagement of Mr. Tisdell represents not only his own work and previous acquaintance in South America but the entire influence of the powerful corporation which he represents.

It was somewhat by accident that the exposition managers fell into this good fortune. It seems that sometime ago Mr. Jack J. Spalding met Mr. Tisdell casually, and knowing his interest in South American affairs, told him all about Atlanta's contemplated exposition. Mr. Tisdell listened attentively and gave Mr. Spalding many valuable hints.

Several days ago, when Colonel Avery went to New York to take passage for South America, Mr. Tisdell not only gave him free transportation thither and return, but authorized him to state that the Pacific Mail Steamship Company would carry free both ways all exhibits the colonel might secure. This concession so pleased President Collier that he at once put himself in communication with Mr. Tisdell. It was discovered from this correspondence that Mr. Tisdell was about to sail for South America, where he will spend a year, opening up new ports to his steamship line.

The idea at once occurred to President Collier that this was a fortunate circumstance for the exposition, and he once more turned upon Mr. Tisdell, taking a personal interest as a representative of Atlanta. This Mr. Tisdell consented to do, and enlarged his offer of free transportation for representatives and exhibits by making special low terms for people who might wish to come to the exposition.

The two men remained with the understanding that no prosecution be entered against either other similar thefts are laid at the door of the exposition, and that she has degenerated into a shop-lifter. In one instance she is known to have concealed a purse worth \$100 in a spacious hatbox.

With the discovery of the umbrella master they decided to push the case. Yesterday morning two members of the police force entered her room and refused to admit them. They left, returning some hours later with the lady on the porch while in earnest conversation with her father. The lady was informed that she was wanted at police headquarters. She refused indignantly, but the door was broken open, and caused her to relent, and she was permitted to walk down with her father.

On the floor of the station house she must give up the umbrella. It was a strange scene.

At the same time the lady was permitted to return home upon a promise from her father that he would force her to return the umbrella, if possible, to the owner. It was this promise upon her father to defend her honor from such vile insults. But her father was imperative, as he had been before, and she was compelled to give up the umbrella.

"This is," said President Collier, "gives us at once all the advantage of Mr. Tisdell's two years' service for the world's fair. The very men who made the exhibits are all personally known to him, and they will be fully prepared to listen to him again. When he adds to all this free transportation for exhibits it assures us right now, independent of the work of our regular representatives, a large South American feature in the exposition."

The Pacific Mail Steamship Company touches at the Central American states, and at every landing port along the Atlantic coast of South America. It now proposes to send its ships around Cape Horn and to come northward to San Francisco. Thus Atlanta will be receiving exhibits from the west Atlantic and Pacific ports at the same time.

The Congo Display.

"That is not the only display we will have," said President Collier, laughing. "We propose to have the heart of Africa right here in Atlanta. The king of Belgium is also the chief executive of the Congo Free State, which the pen of Stanley has made so familiar to the world. He has had a full display of life in the interior of Africa--how people live, their interests, their rude arts and sciences, their handiwork--made up for the great Antwerp fair, now in progress. We are practically assured of having it transferred to Atlanta. If we succeed the colored people will not need to go to Africa to see how their fathers lived. They can come to Atlanta and visit the Congo exhibit."

We have been put in the way of this through the suggestion of Mr. DeGrove, 2 North Broad Street.

Mr. T. F. McGhee, who conducts the retail fruit store, corner bridge on North Broad street, has the most elegant assortment of California fruits ever seen. At the moment he has just received from Europe his recent purchase and is prepared to sell to his customers all kinds of fruit at a lower price than you will have to pay elsewhere. The fruit is fresh and looks like summer fruit. His store is on the corner of the bridge, next to the Linton & Lovlace commission company store, and that he retails the finest California fruits at wholesale prices.

A LADY IN SILK.

Detectives Investigate a Queer Case concerning a Queer Woman.

CRIME WITH HER DAINTY FINGERS

She Was Well-Known and Popular, but Now She Has Degenerated Into a Shop-Lifter--Scene at Police Station.

A young married lady stylishly attired in a black silk dress, large hat and gloves, walked slowly down the stone steps of the station house about dark yesterday evening and made her way up Decatur street.

She leaned heavily upon the arm of her father, who was silent and sad. Now and then the lady would lift up her veil and apply a dainty handkerchief to the corners of her blue eyes, which were red with weeping.

"See that pretty lady there," said an officer standing near. "She's one of the most confirmed thieves in Atlanta. I am sorry for her and I am sorry for her old father. She'll steal anything she gets her hands on. That woman is a regular kleptomaniac. If she keeps up at the pace she's going now, she'll be sent up for a few years, sure."

The officer referred to an interview which the lady had just had with the detectives in which she practically confessed her guilt. That confession embraced several peculiar

events which will be reported.

The concert will be a departure from the beaten path of entertainments and will be a revival of some old familiar songs that have never lost their sweet melody, however great or enthusiastic they may be.

The lovers of melody may congratulate themselves on the prospect of hearing the brightest aggregation of musical features that has ever been produced in this city, and the occasion from a critical point of view, as well as from the pleasure afforded, will be remembered as a gem of minstrelsy.

From Marietta, Jonesboro, Fairburn, Griffin and other places in the neighborhood of the city delegations will attend the concert and many other towns in the state will be represented.

The preparations that are being made warrant the prediction that everybody who attends will be thoroughly infatuated by the music and the performers, however great or enthusiastic they may be.

The lovers of melody may be disappointed. The lovers of melody may be disappointed.

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In one place, another in another, every provincial term is prone to turn the most unexpected. "Tot" been regarded as a word of African origin, confined to certain regions abroad. A few years ago, Stephens, in a story, mentioned it in Maine. I wrote to him and he told me that certain old roads, now almost dead, bore that name, the word used in a "Ranion," from the people of Gloucester, Virginia, preserved in the public record. This paper bears when there were four times as many bond servants as negroes in the state. English word in the century. It meant then, as now, to those writers who present a "totting" or "trotter" to water" being carried by the horse to water; the horse "totting him." Edward's "Folk-Speech in America," in a Century.

DAVID BENNETT HILL,
of Leading Newspapers as to
His Candidacy.
—Man's Foot.
—A man's tools and though he has
subject of severer criticism,
and other public man now living,
also his keen intelligence, his
perception of the advantages to
all great issues of party policy
and determination that the
party shall never come to any
such him.

Force and Boldness.
—New York World.

Hill had had eight years' experience, and, whatever his methods, surprised a few serious mis-
ers, and rendered the valuable service. He has
in the public estimation, ever since his
man of extraordinary bold-
and force of character.

Signal Victory.
—Boston Globe.

questions the ability of David
Hill to one doubts his courage.
—With his party to triumph in the
New York to support his
to a new and signal victory

Boss with a Bar.

—Chicago Herald.

Hill will have such
majority over Morton as
over Foster. But it may
not be so. Then a noth-
popular as politics as a "boss."
—exercising despotic pow-
er.

It's a Vote-Getter.
—New York Mercury.

he enemies, but where is
citicism or statesman who has
ever that David Bennett
however, there are a hundred
admire him and who are proud
of him.

Rather Than Servant.
—Philadelphia Times.

better fit the political party
the master rather than the ser-
Hill is certainly the master politi-
cal New York democratic organ-

Miller's Strongest Man.
—New York Recorder.

mination of David Bennett Hill
is strongest man. Mr. Hill
this party in New York as no
one else.

A Wise Course.
—Philadelphia Press.

that the New York Democratic
faction in nomination. Senator
Foster was probably the wisest
Hill vs. Cleveland.

Philadelphia North American.
try that as between the leaders
Hill and Mr. Cleveland, it un-
prefers the former.

to a Battle Royal.
—Philadelphia Ledger.

royal ticket, and is a chal-
republicans for a battle royal,
past master in the successful
of campaigns.

Now, Grover!
—Philadelphia Record.

politics to name David B.
be good politics for President
strain every nerve for Hill's

BY THE CHILDREN.

the children weeping and dis-
sisters, what we preach?
ssible is taught by His world's
children doubt of each.

the weep before you!
early on they run.

the grief of man, without his

in man's despair without its
without the liberty in christen-
by the pangs, without the

with age, yet unretrievably
of its memories cannot re-
the earthly love and hap-
piness?

Let them weep!

with their pale and sunken

is dead to see.

you of their angel's in high

erned on duty.

they say—"how long, O, cruel

to move the world, on a

with a maledict heil its pal-
ward to your throne amid

shes upward. O gold-heaper,

shows your path!

in the silence curses

ong man in his wrath?

MRS. E. B. BROWNING.

'T MINSTEEL.

Frank L. Stanton.)

the music
swelling from his heart—

to the weary—
unbiased start;

too, knows a gladness,

of "peaceful bay,"

may safely anchor

and cloudless day.

the poet's singing,

is ecstasy,

needs outward floating

melody;

when it is dying,

let and glad refrain,

is sung again.

the leaf of laurel

with my own hand,

to crown the singer,

sunny land;

ANNIE HENSON.

A STAMPEDE.

The Bull on Cotton Were Thoroughly Routed Yesterday.

COTTON LOSES ABOUT SIXTEEN POINTS

The Bank Statement Good Stocks Dull, but Strong—Wheat Closed 3-8 to 1-2 Cent Higher Than Yesterday.

Cotton disappointed speculative traders yesterday and the opening all the dayancy of the day before had disappeared, and the bears, who have had the advantage so long, only shook their apparent timidity.

When the market opened yesterday they presented a bold front, and the rumors of an outside market were exaggerated on the background, while the timid were distant the opening prices, which they did with a rush, and the small herd of bulls were immediately stamped.

The opening was from 10 to 13 points below the final figures of Friday, after which there was a recovery of some 2 points. The recovery was quite early with only a two hours' session for the bears to do their work, but during the time prices were forced at 10 points to 10 points, and on the close additional points were lost. January selling at \$0.046.05, against 0.076.05 on the official closing of the market.

Liverpool sales, for a Saturday, were good, but prices were reduced 1-2d, which was unexpected on this side.

The fluctuations of Liverpool are at the present time reflected in our market, and the opening there meets with a prompt response here, as apparently our cotton finds a consumptive demand only on that side, and the southern offerings overwhelming it no wonder that the spinners on that side are investing their reserve stocks at the present low price.

It is the consumptive demand on this side that is the depressing influence in our spot market, in competition with the English spinner, there is not much hope for a permanent advance in cotton from the heavy offerings of cotton from the south.

The speculative market will be subject to violent fluctuations as has been the case for the past two or three days, but as far as the price for cotton on the spot is concerned, the market is not so violent, and it is more than probable that the tendency will be continually downward.

A crop of the proportions of that of 1861-62, that is, 9,000,000 bales, or even larger, should not be too much cotton, taken in consideration the size and quality of manufactured goods and the raw material; and while the English spinner has done his share to uphold prices for the past two or three weeks, the American spinner has allowed his mills to be closed until the wages of his employees could be adjusted to the present stagnation in all lines of business.

In the meantime the man that raises cotton is at the mercy of the manufacturers, and since he does not need cotton as a raw material, he can make a profit on the raw material. At just what figure that is, remains to be seen.

The stock market was featureless yesterday in fact it was so dull that only the official closing was sent out on a great many of the stocks. The tone was strong though, and the close was at about the best price of the day.

The uninhibited in the condition of the banks have led to the belief that a decrease in the rates of interest will be followed by a sure forerunner of prosperity, and that when the banks held \$11,000,000 above the legal reserve, the excess time to come would show an advancing tendency, when all articles speculative and actual would immediately show an advancing tendency.

That excess has descended some \$3,500,000 lately, and the rate of interest and cotton has correspondingly decreased.

Hence there are great many people in Georgia who speculate and raise cotton that have become disgusted at the turn prices are taking and there are a great many of the opinion that cotton has not been reached.

GO TO 63 PEACHTREE STREET.

BOND AND STOCK QUOTATIONS.

The following are bid and asked quotations: STATE AND CORPORATE.

New York, Oct. 6.—The following are the statements of the associated banks for the week ending today:

Debtors, increase..... \$ 1,240,875
Bankers, increase..... 1,240,875
New York & N. E. 100
West Union 100
Missouri Pacific 100
St. Louis 100
Rock Island 100
Chicago 100
Chi., Bur. & Quincy 100
Amer. & Sugar Refinery 100
Am. Cotton Oil 100
Baptist 100

Bankers, decrease..... 1,240,875
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New York & N. E. 100
West Union 100
Missouri Pacific 100
St. Louis 100
Rock Island 100
Chicago 100
Chi., Bur. & Quincy 100
Amer. & Sugar Refinery 100
Am. Cotton Oil 100
Baptist 100

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Am. Cotton Oil

mother in another
in prone to turn
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is a word of African
certain regions
a few years ago
was still mentioned.
Same, I wrote to
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denounced, bore that
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were four stars
ants as negroes in
to have been a
word in the seven-
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was present a
Virginia English
the horse to water
him. —Edward
in America," in

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newspapers as to
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intelligence, his
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of public polity
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ever come to any

Boldness.

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new serious mis-
he rendered the
service. He has
public estimation of
event in the extraordi-
nary bold-
character.

ability of David
did his courage.
to the united de-
support, the great
and signal victory

Barl.

All will have such
over Morton as
ager. But it may
nothing as a "boss"
despotic pow-

letter's over-
ew. Dr.
has sold his
Mr. Mr.
old stand,
wishes to
of the law
and
guarantee

Servant.

political party
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serve for Hill's

CHILDREN.

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throne amid

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worth?

GROWING.

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"on lower
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met up with
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left fore-
on. J. J.
is mon-
forgery. In-
small re-
s connected
Repaired. Be-
wherever I know

refraids,
again.

own hand,
our singer
again.

restored
order, trade
Spring.

E. HENSON.

'TWAS A VICTORY.

The Atlanta Guano Company Won in the Courts.

A SUIT FOR DAMAGES AGAINST IT

Wherein the Plaintiff Alleged That the Fumes Destroyed His Crops and Impaired the Health of His Family.

The city court, presided over by Judge Van Epps, has been occupied during the past week with the trial of the suit brought by the Atlanta Guano Company against the Atlanta Guano Company for \$10,000 damages by reason of the fact that the manufacture of guano in the method pursued by the Atlanta Guano Company was injurious both to vegetation and health. He also held that many of his family had been injured, many of his flocks killed and the shade trees both around his house and on one part of his farm were either killed or seriously injured and were now in a dying condition. He also claimed that the fumes of the gas had been caused by the fumes from the factory, ultimately aiding in her death. A large number of witnesses testified in his behalf, among whom was a man who swore that he had lost many fine trees; that the shade trees around his house were virtually all dead and that a grove of trees which he had planted in a failing condition. They testified that the fumes of the factory were so bad that persons could not stand near them long enough that it even would cause horses to collapse as they passed by the factory on the road. Much testimony was given to the effect that if the same works were to prevent the spread of disease, if it pursued the methods followed in manufacturing fertilizers.

This case was important for the reason that not only in Fulton county, but throughout the country, there are a number of these manufacturers which employ a good number of hands and turn out an immense quantity of fertilizer, soil all over the south.

The Atlanta Guano Company, whose president is Mr. John M. Green, introduced a great deal of evidence to the effect that among the farmers who reside near and around the factory, citizens of the highest character living in Atlanta, a large number of men in the fertilizer business, themselves, and finally chemists and experts, including Mr. Payne, the state chemist, who has been engaged in the investigation of the damage to Mr. Wilson's trees was caused by the want of good soil, care, and the frost, and not by the fumes and smoke from the factory during the year. These witnesses also testified that his fruit trees, many of them, had died from old age and were neglected, allowed to lie upon the ground, unpruned and uncared for and covered with weeds which prevented their bearing; that his grove of trees was in good condition now as any other trees in the neighborhood and finally that his crops of cotton, corn, etc., were in excellent condition.

It was also shown that the English law governing similar factories which are under the supervision and control of commissioners appointed by parliament.

It was shown that not more than seven-tenths of a grain of sulphuric acid gas was contained in a cubic foot of air coming from the factory, and some of the best doctors and chemical experts testified that even this amount of gas would not affect vegetable or animal life.

It was necessary to go into any details of the evidence, although this case has caused a great deal of interest to be manifested by the public, but the main point in the suit was the question of the liability of the manufacturer of fertilizer in injuring or aggrieved in the slightest by proximity to this factory.

These tests were made for themselves, and you need his services, address him at 1045 Peachtree street, Atlanta, Ga. octo-sun & wky

OPHUM AND WHISKY.

Their Powerful Hold on the Human System.

THE LIFE OF A SPECIALIST

What Prominent Men Say Concerning the Scientific Skill of Dr. D. M. Woolley, of Atlanta, Ga.

Everybody that is at all familiar with the life, character and medical skill of Dr. B. W. Woolley, needs no testimonial to confirm him in their estimation. He is eminently at the head of physicians who are specialists of treating the liquor, opium and narcotics. His skill in this field in Atlanta has many years been identified with its growth and prosperity, he is regarded as a great benefit to the city, that the citizens could bestow upon him.

He has made a life study of the effects of opium and whisky on the human system, and drugs upon the human system, and to say that his advice is sought by the practicing physicians of the country, and that he is well known throughout the country would be stating the truth.

There are people who need his attention and his skill, and he is a specialist of high character. Here are a few testimonials that will show that he is worthy of their confidence:

FROM THE CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS, S. C. April 24, 1894.—Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga. Dear Sir: I have fully tested the merits of your remedy for curing the liquor and opium habit, and have been wonderfully pleased with the results. I believe it will radically cure any person of the habit, and that it is the best remedy to recommend it with the greatest confidence to all sufferers from this cause. Yours truly, B. C. NORMENT, M. D., Chairman Board of Health.

NOT ONLY CURED OF MORPHINE HABIT, BUT IN BETTER HEALTH THAN FOR TWENTY YEARS.—Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga. Dear Sir: I received your letter some time ago, but have neglected to answer it, for which I apologize. I have not taken any of your medicine in three months, nor have I taken any opium since I have been off your medicine. It has proved all that you recommended to me. It has proved a blessing to me.

When I began to take your medicine I weighed ninety pounds, and now weigh 130 pounds, and my health is better than it has been in twenty years. I have never been able to work so hard as I do now, and am able to do all kinds of work and can sleep well at night.

I think it will be of any benefit to you in this regard, in curing my medicine, you can use it for what you wish. I will close by saying you will ever have my kindest regards. Yours truly, MRS. J. T. EDMOND.

NO MORE THIRST FOR WHISKY.—TREATMENT RECOMMENDED TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga. Dear Sir: I have fully tested the merits of your remedy for curing the liquor and opium habit, and have been wonderfully pleased with the results. I believe it will radically cure any person of the habit, and that it is the best remedy to recommend it with the greatest confidence to all sufferers from this cause. Yours truly, B. C. NORMENT, M. D., Chairman Board of Health.

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**GLENN TO BROWN.**

Correspondence Growing Out of Mr. George R. Brown's Caustic Card.

MR. W. C. GLENN CHALLENGED HIM

Summary of the Correspondence That Passed Between the Two Gentlemen—The End of It.



GO TO 63 PEACHTREE STREET.



MONDAY AND TUESDAY, OCTOBER 8 AND 9—MATINEE TUESDAY.

Archie Boyd —IN—

"The Country Squire"

Entirely rewritten by and produced under direction of CON T. MURPHY.

A companion play to "THE OLD HOMESTEAD."

In which Mr. Murphy believed such popular favor for four seasons.

Usual prices. Seats at Theater Box Office.

Wednesday and Thursday—Two Nights and Thursday Matinee—October 10th and 11th.

Regular Appearance of the Most Successful of All Comedy Dramas,

Yon Yonson

Introducing the Master Dialectician,

GUS HEEGE,

Supported by An Able Company, Including

MISS SADIE CONNELLY.

SEE THE LOG JAM, THE SAWMILL STATION, THE LUMBER CAMP, MINNETONKA BY MOONLIGHT.

Usual prices. Seats at theater box office.

Friday and Saturday, October 12th and 13th. Matinee, Saturday.

THE BLAZING SUN Of the Farce Comedy Sky, Jolly

NELLIE McHENRY

—And Her—

GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH,

From the Bijou Theater, New-York City.

All Under One Canvas, in One Ring.

WAIT FOR THE BIG SHOW.

Usual prices. Seats at theater box office.

6-7 sun, wed, thur, fri, sat.

STERLING SILVER!

Headquarters for everything in the Silver line. Examine my goods before purchasing.

SILVER NOVELTIES

ARRIVING DAILY.

Chas. W. Grankshaw

7 and 9 W. Alabama Street,

under amusements until dec 31

SCHOOLS.

Mrs. Prather's School

232-238 W. PEACHTREE ST.

ATLANTA, GA.

A home and day school for girls and young ladies.

FINANCIAL.

LARGEST DIVIDENDS ON RECORD.

51 per cent average monthly dividend paid the first six months of 1894 by

THE AMERICAN SYNDICATE

To their clients as the result of profitable speculation in Stocks, Bond, etc.

JANUARY, 100 per cent. MAY, 30 per cent.

FEBRUARY, 100 per cent. JUNE, 20 per cent.

MARCH, 40 per cent. JULY, 20 per cent.

APRIL, 100 per cent. AUGUST, 20 per cent.

SEPTEMBER, 15 per cent.

Conservative management. Established in 1885.

Bonds reference \$10 to \$100 can be invested with more than the usual degree of safety.

SYNDICATE SPECULATION.

Which assures the largest returns compatible with safety. Do not be influenced by the stock market. Wait for the time when large dividends until you have read our manual of information. That which is important is some common sense and knowledge of others.

O. A. HAMILTON & CO., Mgrs.

8 Pacific Ave., Chicago, Ill.

GO TO 63 PEACHTREE STREET.

SEE IT!

The great auction sale ad. of the Memphis Stove Company will be held on the 10th instant.

Here in Fall No.

Under no circumstances will never be recovered to read the great auction sale ad. of the Memphis Stove Company in today's Constitution.

The following gentlemen are requested to act as subliberators:

George S. Louis, A. D. Adair, T. L. Langston, E. P. Black, W. P. Pattillo and F. M. Potts. Burial at Oakland.

MEETING NOTICES.

Notice of Stockholders' Meeting.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Georgia, Carolina and Northern Railway Company will be held at the office of the company in the city of Atlanta, Ga., on Friday, November 9, 1894, at 4 o'clock p.m., central time.

The board will now have to choose another secretary.

GO TO 63 PEACHTREE STREET.

Benning's Splint Coal.

We are people of fashion. The majority endorse Benning's splint coal.

GO TO 63 PEACHTREE STREET.

D. H. DOUGHERTY & CO.

Are Leading Dry Goods Trade!

\$100,000 WORTH OF NEW GOODS FOR THIS WEEK'S SALE

BLACK DRESS GOODS.

Best Black Satins 50c.

Three Specials in Silk Failles \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50.

Black Radimere, best grades, at 75c. \$1.00 and \$1.50.

Peau De Soi, worth \$1.75, for \$1.00.

48-inch Black Cashmere 30c.

We are selling Black Dress Goods cheaper than any house in the South. Come and see how much you can save at our Black Goods Counter.

46-inch black Henrietta for 38c.

Our regular 65c black Henrietta this week for 48c.

Serges—At 69c, 75c and 90c you can secure three extra bargains in fine black Serges.

Something Entirely New—Brilliantines in Armure Brocatelles at 75c; they make the prettiest Black Dresses you ever saw. Come and look at them. At 20c, 25c and 35c we sell great values in Black Goods. Our stock of gray, black and white Dress Goods can't be matched in style, quality and price in the south.

New Lot Silk Warp Henriettas.

New Embroidered Flannels at 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50.

LINENS, QUILTS AND FLANNELS.

1 case white Quilts at 65c. 1 case white Quilts, regular \$1.50, this week at \$1.00. 1 case Quilts, our regular \$2.25 grade, for one week at \$1.50. 1 lot of 65c Table Linen at 35c. 10 pieces 50c Table Linen at 25c. 48 pieces \$1.50 and \$1.75 Table Linen at \$1.00. Great bargains in Towels and Napkins.

The best stock of Wool and Cotton Flannels this side of the factory.

Gray Flannels at 10c, 12½c, 15c, 20c and 25c. America's best Eiderdown Flannels from 12½c to 35c. Scotch Eiderdown, all new patterns at 50c and 75c. The Cream of the Loom in French Flannels for sacques and house wrappers.

GLOVES AND HOSIERY.

The best and newest line of Kid and Fabric Gloves in the city. Jersey Gloves with and without gather, at 25c, 30c and 50c. Nothing but the best grade of Kid gloves in the market at 50c, 65c, 75c and 90c. We have a few 25c and 35c Kid Gloves that money can buy. If you want to look pretty, put them in a case. Ladies' drop-stitched Gloves at 15c. Ladies' 50c black fast and fancy top Hose for 25c. Men's 50c black fast and fancy top Hose at 25c. We will sell for one week our 40c Black Hose at 25c. Just remember, we are doing the hose business of this section. 75 dozen ladies' full regular fast black hose, 12½c.

New and Prettiest in the South—A Complete Line of Novelties in Dress Trimmings.

Opened and on sale this week a new line of Neckwear for ladies, and without doubt they are the noblest neck ornaments we ever owned. New stock of Evening Goods just ready.

On Sale Monday as Long as They Last

14 Novelty Suits were \$7. at \$3.40.
7 Novelty Suits, were \$10. at \$2.50.
12 Novelty Suits, were \$4.25.
9 Novelty Suits, were \$4.75.
18 Novelty Suits, were \$5.25.
11 Novelty Suits, were \$8.25.
If you want a dress, don't be slow about coming.

We Are Going to Sell Them!

200 Evening Fans, worth \$1. for 25c.
300 pieces Evening Silk at 50c on the dollar.

NEW STOCK

of Blankets, Cloaks and Underwear go on sale this week.

LACE CURTAINS.

Portieres, Serim, Damask, Satin, Rouse and Tapestry for draperies in new and beautiful designs just opened. Don't miss our big domestic sale this week. Boy's Outing, \$1.50.
Doll's Outing, \$1.50.
Men's Night Shirts, 40c.
Men's Cuffs, 15c.
New line of Windsor Tops, all new styles at 25c.
New line of Men's Scarfs at 50c and 60c.
Men's Drill Drawers at 25c and 30c.
Men's cotton flannel Drawers, Screen pattern, at \$1.
Big stock men's cotton flannel Drawers.
New lot Indigo Prints at 50c.

46-50 WHITEHALL STREET.

DON'T STOP TO THINK!

For a moment where to go and get your stylish and most comfortable

SHOES FOR FALL AND WINTER

but go to No. 13 Whitehall street and you will find them without looking any further. We carry the largest and most select stock of

MEN'S FINE SHOES

in the city and as manufacturers can easily supply your wants. For comfort and style wear the

•HESS SHOE."

A Special Feature: Shoes made to order.

Free shins to wearers of the Hess Shoe.

N. HESS' SONS,

Chas. Adler, Manager.

No. 13 Whitehall Street.

Factory Baltimore.

MANUFACTURERS, IMPORTERS, DEALERS.

The
Grafted Paint Co.
Atlanta, Ga.
oct-1-in-sun-tues-thur

More Popular.

Ward McAllister may be losing his grip, but Benning's splint is growing more popular daily. Phone No. 356.

GO TO 63 PEACHTREE STREET.

Lessons in china painting at Lycett's, 83½ Whitehall. Art materials for sale.

GO TO 63 PEACHTREE STREET.

For Only \$4 Per Ton.

Do you know that you can buy the best splint coal for \$4 per ton? Benning's.

GO TO 63 PEACHTREE STREET.

Bread for Poor Little Ones.

You can give more bread to your little ones by buying Benning's splint coal at summer prices.

GO TO 63 PEACHTREE STREET.

NORTH OVER THE LINE OF THE GREAT IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE

QUICK AND SAFE TRANSPORT

Memphis to St. Louis.

Memphis to Chicago.

Memphis to San Francisco.

Memphis to Kansas City.

Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars.

Reclining Chair Cars.

Write to A. A. Gallagher, Southern Passenger Agent, Chattanooga, Tenn., for descriptive matter.

W. C. DODDIE, General Manager.

A. C. TOWNSEND, Gen.